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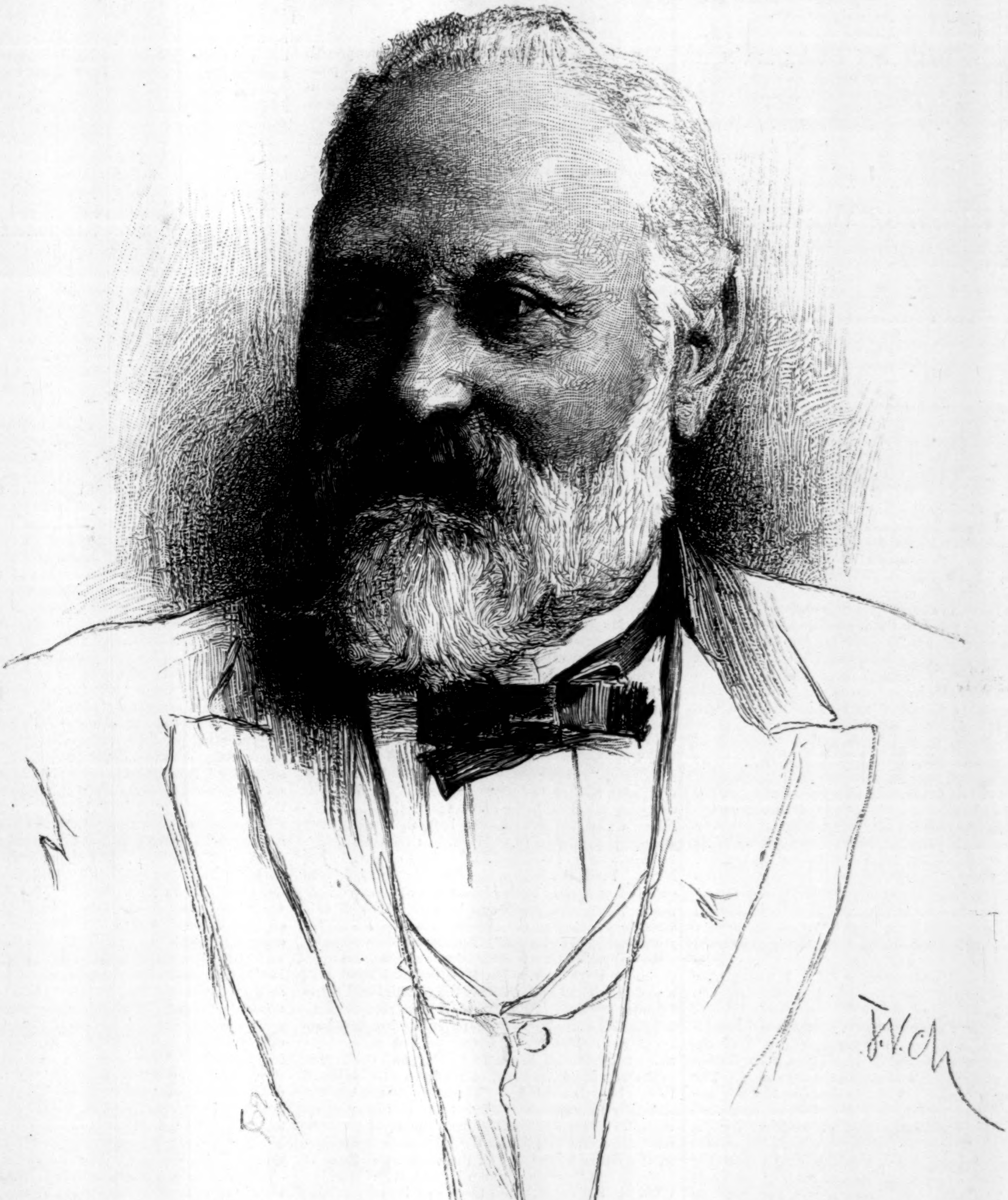

CLAUS SPRECKELS, "THE SUGAR KING."—DRAWN BY T. V. CHOMINSKI AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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No. 1780.

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SENATOR HILL.

MR. EVARTS is to be succeeded in the Senate of the United States by Governor Hill. During his official term the Governor has gained a distinction which he did not have when he succeeded Governor Cleveland. But it is the distinction of a clever and adroit politician, not of a public man of large views and commanding ability, such as are properly associated with the office of Senator of the United States. Governor Hill's remark, "I am a Democrat," is a key to his public career and his view of public duty. His chief consideration is the interest of his party, of course with the easy sophistry that his party is devoted to the interests of his country. But if his party stands for anything but its old traditions, if it is somewhat informed with a new spirit and devoted to other aims, this change is certainly due in no degree whatever to Governor Hill. He would probably be proud to be known as an old-fashioned Democrat, a personage who is not a fascinating figure to those who recall the Democrat of forty years ago. Democrats in New York who feel the necessity of various reforms, and of relieving their party of its entangling alliances, and a general Bourbon and reactionary tendency, are not supporters of the Governor, and regard him as a heavy weight upon his party, and by no means a desirable national representative of its character and purposes.

It is, however, indisputable that his sway in the party camp is more supreme than that of any Democratic leader of recent times. No Governor has held his party majority in the Legislature so completely in his hand. The sole question concerning the most important act of this Legislature, the election of Senator, has been the Governor's will. No king ever waited his own pleasure to make his will known to obedient vassals more absolutely than the Governor. No body of free representatives ever showed less independence than the Democratic majority of the Legislature, who awaited the intimation of the Gubernatorial will as courtiers attend the royal nod. The uncertainty of the Governor's decision has unquestionably arisen from doubt of the effect of his acceptance of the Senatorship upon his chances for the Presidency. So far as has appeared, neither he nor any of his supporters took into the least account the opportunity to serve the State and country in a great office. The sole consideration was the question whether acceptance of the Senatorship strengthened or weakened his chance of a nomination for the Presidency. Personal and not public considerations have decided the question. But while it is wholly a game, the Governor's undoubted control of his party in this State is a very important element in all calculations of the Democratic action in 1892. Unless there should be some change in the Democratic situation in the State, Governor Hill must be reckoned with in the nominating Convention as an important force.

In the Senate of the United States it is not to be expected that he will be a commanding figure. He has never shown the comprehensive grasp of a statesman. That, indeed, is not his gift. Like Quay, he may be a shrewd party adviser upon the lower plane, but his friends would hardly claim for him the Senatorial quality of men like Evarts, Edmunds, Sherman, Carlisle, or Hoar. To the country he will stand as the representative of New York Democracy, the ally of Tammany Hall and the saloon. Yet it is undeniable that his intimate associates are not the ablest men of his party in the State, men like Cleveland and Hewitt, and there is a long interval between Governor Hill and Democratic Senators like Van Buren, Marcy, and Wright. He will be a faithful party servant, for he is not in the true sense a party leader. Governor Hill does not lead, he follows. He is not the kind of Senator of whom his party can be proud, for he is the kind that is produced by skilful machine politics, and not by the spontaneous admiration of great ability or loyalty to lofty character. The Democratic party does not rise in public confidence by his election.

BANCROFT.

THE death of Mr. Bancroft was not unexpected. Within a year or two his mental and physical powers had failed, and much longer life could not be anticipated. Yet even last summer, although his memory was impaired, he had much of the old bright, brisk manner, and his greeting was as alert and friendly as ever. Mr. Bancroft was one of the best illustrations of the scholar that this country has produced. His attainments in general knowledge, and especially in history, were very large, and he retained an easy familiarity with many languages to the end. He could open his Demosthenes at random and read him accurately and fluently into English, and all his resources were at ready command. His memory, indeed, was like a well-ordered arsenal, where every weapon was highly burnished and in its place, ready for instant use. He had an insatiable ardor for study, and few lives showed fewer wasted hours. As a boy at school in New England his singular intelligence was remarked, and at twenty he had already graduated at Harvard, and was a Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen. Thoroughly trained from the beginning, with a comprehensive memory and unwearied application, a quick sympathy and varied interests, he kept abreast of the intellectual movement of his time, and read and discussed with avidity the latest books.

During the years when his interest in politics was most active, it was not at any serious expense of his studies and literary pursuits. Writing his history was necessarily slow work, for there were the foreign archives to consult—invaluable resources, of which Mr. Henry Adams has recently made such admirable use in his history of the first twenty years of the century. Mr. Bancroft's political life delayed the appearance of his work, but did not affect the care and fulness of his preparation. But the new material which appeared during its prosecution, and after the publication of the earlier volumes, led him to make very important revisions, and to modify the somewhat exuberant rhetoric of some of its parts. In 1876, when the Centennial edition was published, a friend asked him what he had been doing with it, and he answered, gayly, "Slaughtering adjectives." In that edition, also, among the more important changes, was dropping all allusion to Verrazzano, the Florentine sailor, whom he had come to look upon as a very apochryphal authority. His first treatment of the Indians also was modified in the light of later knowledge. From the beginning of his history he designed to bring it only to the formation of the Constitution. Thirty-five years ago he said, "I shall stop with the framing of the Constitution, because all beyond that is experiment." But no man more gladly admitted that with the close of the war it was an experiment no longer. Mr. Bancroft's history will remain the chief authority for the colonial and Revolutionary period. It is a work of great research, and its general correctness as a narrative has not been impeached. The prehistoric period, indeed, has been more fully treated in Gay's history, and the Indian ethnology Mr. Bancroft, as we have said, adjusted to the latest knowledge. The style of the work is stately and vigorous rather than picturesque, although certain descriptions are very vivid pictures, and it is doubtful whether the historian's confidence in the entire sufficiency of the democratic form of government to secure human happiness has been justified by the event, while there can be no doubt of its relative superiority, and a certain lyrical exultation of style is natural to the patriotic historian of America.

Our historian was essentially a domestic man, hospitable, of an ardent manner, his mind always alert, and his conversation rich in reminiscence and anecdote. He had seen Goethe and Byron and most of the famous men and women of the century. He had held great offices—Secretary of the Navy and Minister to England and Prussia. He had been Collector of Boston, and polled a very large vote as candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. With Dr. Cogswell he founded and superintended for its short term what was perhaps the most famous private school in the country—the Round Hill School at Northampton, in Massachusetts. Meanwhile he was still the devoted and untiring scholar, and through all his extraordinary activities his cheery and buoyant temperament carried him with unwasting zeal. His well-ordered and simple life was the tribute of a wise man to the higher laws of health, and it was not until he was nearly ninety years old that he laid down his pen and said, "I have done my work." Mr. Bancroft was contemporary with all our more famous authors, and he was our oldest master of that form of literature in which the American genius has especially excelled. The affectionate ardor of the man is shown in a note written upon his eighty-ninth birthday. "Thanks, my dear friend; your words renew youth as they waft me upon a new year. My life has been made to me a happy one by my friends and those who have loved me. Live long in health and vigor of mind. You have my affection as a friend whose regard cannot be shaken. Yours in my ninetieth year, as ever since I first knew you, George Bancroft." During his life he had been the subject of severe criticism, literary, political, and social, but he had outlived controversy and animosity, and died at peace with all men. His last years were spent in Washington, and in its society and streets he was a familiar figure. A son of Massachusetts, he was long out of sympathy with her distinctive feeling in public affairs. But this discord also disappeared, and he is buried in Worcester, "the heart of the commonwealth," and his name and fame are part of her great literary possessions.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE associations which under the general name of Farmers' Alliance are organized throughout the country are a sign of the times not to be overlooked. They are the political form which is given to a feeling which is observable on all sides, extending quite beyond the circle of those who actually take part in such associations. In New York its latest manifestation is the State Farmers' League, which recently issued at Utica a declaration of principles. The mainspring of the movement is hostility to what is called the aristocracy of wealth. This hostility is due to the conviction that consolidated capital commands special privileges which are denied to the greatest industrial interest in the country, that of agriculture. The paramount question and peril of the country, says a large Western landholder, is monopoly and public robbery. He finds an illustration in the railways. "Armour sends his beef to New York for forty dollars the car load, and shares the profit with the railroads. An honest man has to pay $100 for the same service." His remedy is government control of the railroads. His argument is that the government will manage them efficiently and honestly, as it does the Post-office. It can carry passengers and heavy freight as easily and as well as it carries letters and light freight.

This feeling that unfairly favored classes exist, and that they are constantly becoming more powerful, that they tend to increase and extend individual poverty, and that personal subjugation is historically the consequence of wide-spread poverty, is undoubtedly spreading. It is a discontent which, in the American way, organizes itself for relief by political means, and there are those who interpret the result of the late election not so much as a rebuke of the class favoritism of the McKinley bill, as an expression of general and profound dissatisfaction with the political situation. The most striking illustration of this movement was that in South Carolina. A Farmers' Convention, composed of white Democrats who were opposed to what they called the aristocratic Democratic ring, made the present Governor, "Ben" Tillman, the Democratic candidate. His main appeal in the canvass was to the poor whites, or "buckra," as they are called, and despite the fact that he was opposed by Judge Haskell, a representative of the old governing class, who had the good-will of most of the colored leaders, Mr. Tillman was overwhelmingly elected. The Haskell vote was about 15,000; there were supposed to be about 30,000 whites who did not vote, and the vote of Mr. Tillman was about 59,000. Mr. Tillman repelled rather than conciliated the colored vote, while Judge Haskell rather invited it. But it was not largely cast, and Tillman's rejection of it was due probably to his desire to baffle the charge that he was taking sides with the negro. Since his election, however, he declares plainly his intention to stop abuse of the colored people.

Tillman's election, which was a signal defeat of the old Democratic *régime* in South Carolina, was followed by the defeat of the chief representative of that *régime*, Senator Hampton, for re-election to the Senate. The overthrow seems to be complete. But the social ostracism of the Governor and his friends is no less complete. Columbia, the capital of the State, is about to celebrate its centenary, but the Governor and the State officers are not invited. The mutual animosity is very bitter, and as the contest between the new and old powers is not ended, one excellent result will be the natural solicitation of the colored vote by both sides. This is the natural remedy for the suppressed vote, which, however, the elections bill will tend to paralyze. The election of last November is said by well-informed citizens of South Carolina to be probably the first real election held in the State for twenty-five years. The Governor, who stands for the new order, is described as a man very able, incorruptible, firm, courageous, and industrious, but selfish, egotistical, unrefined, and peculiarly distasteful to the old *régime*. One striking incident in the campaign was the speech of a colored Republican who opposed Judge HASKELL, and who said that TILLMAN had made both the whites and negroes readers and thinkers. What the Alliance has done in South Carolina it aims to do everywhere, to set aside the ruling cliques and bring forward prominently the great unfavored interest. Its theories of government as they are announced are crude and wild. But the rapidity of the organization and its ability to withstand the control of the old politicians are facts too significant to be overlooked in casting the horoscope of '92.

THE INDIAN TROUBLE.

THE end of the Indian war must not end public interest in the subject, nor relax the demand for a radical change in our Indian policy. Those who are most familiar with the facts apparently agree in opinion as to the causes of the situation. A gentleman who has filled important public positions, civil and military, in the Indian country, and who is a peculiarly competent authority, wrote, while the late trouble was still threatening:

> "I have no hesitation in saying that the present Indian outburst in the Dakotas has been primarily caused by incompetent and in most cases dishonest agents, placed over the Indians by the authorities at Washington, who have had no other qualification than that they have been the political heelers of some politician who has a *pull* either with the President or the Interior Department, and the irregularity and insufficiency in the issue of the rations and clothing to the Indians—consequently their present starving and suffering condition—together with the desire and rapacity of land-grabbers and squatters and the cormorants hanging on the edges of their reservations (ofttimes within the limits of the reservations), ready to gobble up and swindle the Indian out of his possessions. *The Indians should be under the control of the military. The power that feeds them should also be the one to protect and punish them.* Disarm every Indian. As the buffalo and game have disappeared, they have no more need of fire-arms at present than one of the Six Nations in the State of New York. Let the government live up to and carry out faithfully the treaties already made, see that *the rations and clothing are issued with the same regularity, honesty, and care as is now done by the officers of the Commissary and Quartermaster's departments to the soldiers of the army*, and we will have no more lives lost either among the settlers or the gallant fellows who are now suffering all the hardships which a winter's campaign in that Northwestern country means.
>
> "Under these necessary conditions compel the Indians to care for themselves. As agriculturists, except under most favorable conditions as to climate and fertility of soil, they (in my opinion) have not been a success, but as stock-raisers and herders and in other frontier employments, or as scouts and couriers, they may be brought to a more satisfactory and amenable condition.
>
> "Bad Indians there are, and they should be punished; but in all dealings with the various tribes the government should never permit its agents, either military or civil, to make promises which are not to be kept. Good faith, a just, fair, and open treatment by those appointed to look after them, will, I believe, prevent any outbreaks of serious nature on the part of the Indians in the future."

This is a vigorous statement of a positive view. There are some serious objections to the exclusively military supervision of the Indians. But every intelligent and honest man will agree that it would be wholly preferable to the present system.

THE ALLEGED BRITISH SNUB.

RUMOR announces more ceremonial trouble with England. Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, it is said, informed Mr. BLAINE some time ago that there was to be a Grand Exhibition of Industries in Jamaica this year, and requested him to notify the American public of that fact, that those who wished to exhibit might take the necessary steps. Mr. BLAINE did so, and application was made by the Jamaica authorities to our Department of the Interior and to other departments and bureaus to send exhibits to Kingston. But meanwhile, as is alleged, no invitation was sent to the Executive Department itself, and a letter in the *Sun* represents Secretary BLAINE as regarding the omission as a snub to the American government.

But the romantic reportorial imagination is apt to escape into the empyrean. There is no reason to suppose that England is anxious to pick a quarrel with the United States. No greater blunder is conceivable than for England to get entangled in war with this country, except upon some very serious and imperative occasion, and if England wishes war, there is no occasion whatever for seeking it by a ludicrous insult. As neither the British Foreign Office nor the American Department of State is apt to take the public into its premature confidence, it is wise to suspend opinion upon ingenious assertions unaccompanied by proof.

When the motion in regard to the sealers was made in the Supreme Court, the Secretary of State was said to have despatched a stinging letter to our Minister in London. But we suspect that he had done nothing of the kind. The diplomacy of the Washington correspondent is not always that of the government. Actual responsibility is a very conservative influence. If the conduct of British foreign affairs has fallen to the point of snubbing a powerful government, it is not a conduct to be feared.

THE CONTEST IN THE SENATE.

IN the parliamentary contest in the Senate over the election bill and the previous question, the Democrats have not had the worst of it. The skirmish concerning the correction of the Journal as to the ruling of the Vice-President was very skilfully conducted by the minority, and in the rapidly dwindling number of the working-days of the session was a serious obstruction to the passage of the election bill. The whole situation in the Senate raises the question not of the merits of the bill, but of the time and circumstances of its presentation.

The bill is regarded by its opponents as essentially revolutionary, subversive of traditions established in reason, and sure to perpetuate against the intent of the Constitution a permanent partisan ascendency. This is apart from the objection that the bill is incapable of achieving its professed object, and therefore causelessly sure to inflame the bitterest sectional animosities. The circumstances under which this bill is brought forward are those of the most unquestionable popular condemnation of the party which had made the bill one of the chief and vital issues of the election. As we said at the time, we do not think that this was a reason for the Republican party to undertake Democratic measures, but it was unquestionably a reason for confining legislation at this session to the necessary provisions for the government. There is no doubt that the will of the people, when once plainly and lawfully expressed, ought to take effect as soon as reasonably practicable. But the fact that this is constitutionally practicable only after the delay of a year is not an honorable reason for pressing the passage of laws which, under any usual and fair interpretation of an election, the country has disapproved.

This consciousness is the explanation of the fact that the Democratic effort to prevent by every parliamentary device the success of the attempt to overthrow the unbroken tradition of free speech in the Senate in order to pass a bill which public sentiment condemns arouses no general protest. We doubt if there is any precedent in Congress which in any degree justifies the extraordinary course proposed to be adopted by the majority to secure the passage of this bill. The slave power in Congress was ruthless and tyrannical, but it had the popular majority behind it. If forty years ago the fugitive slave law had been an issue in the Congressional election, and the result at the polls had been a total defeat of the slavery party, even that party would hardly have ventured to overthrow the system of parliamentary procedure in the Senate from the beginning in order to pass the fugitive slave bill.

THACKERAY'S "BOUDIN."

THE February HARPER has a charming contribution of a dozen droll and characteristic drawings by THACKERAY, accompanied by the admirable comments of his daughter, Mrs. RITCHIE. The sketches, reproduced in fac-simile, were drawn from time to time in an album of Mrs. ROBERT BELL, the wife of the editor of "Bell's Poets" from CHAUCER to COWPER, or COOPER, as Mrs. RITCHIE calls him, following the English pronunciation of the name. Mr. BELL's house was one of the happy familiar resorts of THACKERAY, and the sketches are of the funny extravagance in which he excelled and delighted.

Boudin, a French fisherman, with three companions, attacks the British fleet, captures an English frigate, and puts the officers and crew to the sword, mostly by his own hand. But after destroying thirty-three ships of the line, Boudin yields to fate, to the thirty-fourth ship, and Lord NELSON. He is thrown into the horrible dungeons of Portsmouth, whence "Miss Fanny," the Governor's daughter, aids him to escape. The devoted angel accompanies him in his flight. He is welcomed by his Majesty the Emperor and King, who pulls his ear fondly, creates him Arch-Admiral, and decorates him with the G-r-r-rand Cross, while the proud ladies of the court expire with envy as the celestially beautiful Fanny, the heroine of Portsmouth, kisses the hands of the Empress. ["Note.—*Mr. Alfred d'Orsay is page in waiting.*"] The last sketch is a broken column in Père la Chaise, hung with a wreath of victory, a weeping widow embracing the base, and the inscription: "*Boudin! Waterloo!*"

The whole is full of the humor which is THACKERAY'S, and his only, the delightfully significant nonsense which both charmed and taught the last generation, and which for the time has disappeared from the English novel.

IRISH POLITICS.

THE election at Hartlepool, in England, shows the GLADSTONE Liberal column to be unbroken. The *Daily News* calls it the most splendid Liberal victory since the general election. On the other hand, Lord SALISBURY, at Cambridge, says that the home-rulers had given the Tories a merry Christmas, but adds that while Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, "two very clever men," still support it, the home-rule battle is not over. He points out the power of the matchless organization of the priesthood, which successful home-rule would intrench, to the bitter cost of the Protestants.

Meanwhile PARNELL summons the Irish party to Parliament as if he were still the undisputed leader, and the Irish party is quarrelling more hotly than ever. O'SHEA has written a contemptuous letter to JUSTIN MCCARTHY, and the conferences have produced no result. Indeed, none can be produced except by the surrender of one side, and that would be a merely formal truce. PARNELL does not mean to relinquish his command, and the opposition to him seems to be discordant. The only way is to deal with him as he deals with his opponents, and from that course his opponents evidently shrink.

The aspect of the situation constantly changes, but it looks now as if the English Liberals would hold together harmoniously, and compel a union with them of one of the Irish factions. At present the continued leadership of GLADSTONE is the cardinal condition of success.

PERSONAL.

AT a meeting recently held in this city, composed of leading painters, sculptors, architects, and representatives of the pictorial press, a very important proposition was under discussion, viz., the holding of a comprehensive exhibition of "American art, retrospective and contemporaneous," in the Madison Square Garden in the spring of 1892. The scheme contemplates the co-operation of all the leading art organizations, and with this view another meeting will be held, to which the presidents are invited, when the matter is expected to take final shape for presentation to the public.

—Senator FAULKNER, of West Virginia, is a man of extraordinary endurance. In the last campaign he spent several weeks in travelling at night over rough country roads, and making stump-speeches during the day, getting little sleep, and more recently he has distinguished himself in the Senate by speaking for twelve hours against the force bill. His speech was probably the longest continuous effort ever made in the Senate, and was delivered during an all-night session, but he was on hand the next day as bright and "chipper" as ever.

—While in Paris this month the Grand Duke MICHAEL NICOLAIEVITCH, the uncle of the Emperor of Russia, purchased a copy of *The Tsar and his People; or, Social Life in Russia*, giving high praise to the excellence of the text and truthfulness of the illustrations. This volume, to which the Vicomte de Vogüé, THEODORE CHILD, and CLARENCE COOK have contributed special articles, and M. DE THULSTRUP the sketches, is among the more recent of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS' publications.

—LEVI BEEBE, the Berkshire County (Massachusetts) weather prophet, who predicted the blizzard four months before it occurred, has the courage to try again, and says the worst storm of the season will visit this country during the first half of next month.

—THEODORE WELD, once a famous antislavery lecturer, is living comfortably with his son at Hyde Park, Massachusetts. He is eighty-eight years old, and is said to closely resemble the poet BRYANT in looks.

—JOHN F. HEWITT, of Los Angeles, California, an old soldier, has shocked a certain class of sentiment by returning his pension certificate to the government. He says he is able to support himself.

—MOUGEL Bey, who originated the idea of damming the Nile for purposes of irrigation, is dead.

—Senator PLUMB must be an omnivorous devourer of newspapers, for he says he subscribes for at least three hundred of them.

—Rev. Dr. ROBERT COLLYER can still hammer out a very respectable horseshoe, and is said to have accepted a challenge not long ago to illustrate his proficiency in his old trade.

—IGNATIUS DONNELLY—he of the cryptogram—is now in the Minnesota Senate.

—M. EIFFEL, who built the tower, is seeking an election to the French Senate.

—The new Japanese Minister at Washington, G. TATENO, was a member of the commission that welcomed General GRANT to the chrysanthemum kingdom in 1878. He is a man of high culture and governmental position.

—The late Judge DANIEL CLARK, of Manchester, New Hampshire, was in the United States Senate during the war, and was known as a man of wit and strong purpose. On one occasion he obtained the floor for a speech late in the day, and asked for an adjournment, as he had not tasted food for twelve hours. This was refused; but when he had a tray with tea and sandwiches brought and placed before him, his opponents at once voted a recess to let him eat his supper.

—Professor TYNDALL has been quite seriously ill, but is recovering.

—Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON has just lost a son, B. CADY STANTON, who was a member of the Louisiana Senate.

—Among the principal promoters of the American colony at Topolobampo, in Sinaloa, Mexico, was Mr. EDWARD HOWLAND, who died in La Logia on the morning of Christmas, 1890, aged fifty-eight years. Mr. HOWLAND belonged to a prominent New York family, and was a graduate of Harvard University. His predilection was toward literature. He was one of the editors of the *Saturday Press*, and was thus associated with the interesting group of writers known in New York thirty years ago as "the Bohemians." But he was impelled by a purpose which transcended literary ambition, and which forced him to break with the world—with whose prevailing motives and methods, social, industrial, and intellectual, he had no sympathy—and to turn his back upon the prizes to which his rare abilities gave him a reasonable title. He retired into southern New Jersey, devoting himself to the culture of small fruits and to the companionship of his books, of which he had a rare collection. He was consumed by the ardor of his love for humanity, and some great and beneficent work might have been the result of his deep insight into the troubles of economic social life, but that these very troubles pursued him into his retirement and harassed him. Now and then a curious literary sketch found its way from his study to the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*; but his heart was involved in the sociological problem, and many of his studies in this field were published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It was in one of these that he introduced to American readers M. GODIN'S great industrial experiment at Guise. What the world has lost in the waste of such beneficent power as was his, in a system where it is comparatively unavailing, only those can know who knew him. Mr. ALBERT OWEN'S Mexican colonial experiment for the practical illustration of the principles of "integral co-operation" especially appealed to Mr. HOWLAND; but when, in the spring of 1889, the latter went to Mexico, the hand of death was already upon him. This scheme was the last enthusiasm of a baffled human heart.

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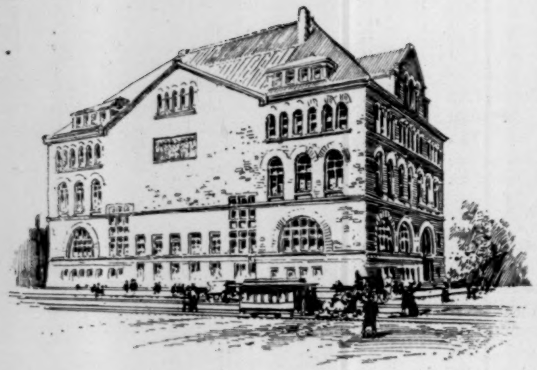

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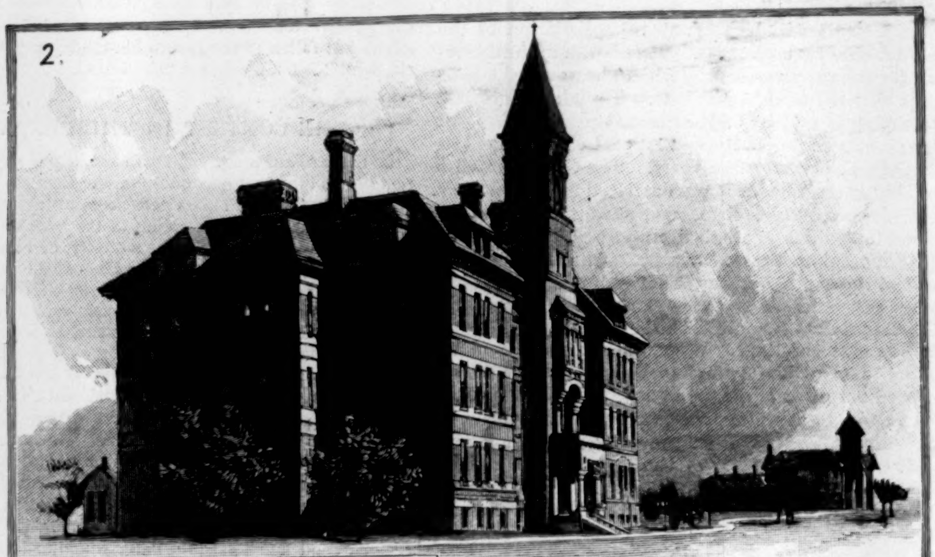

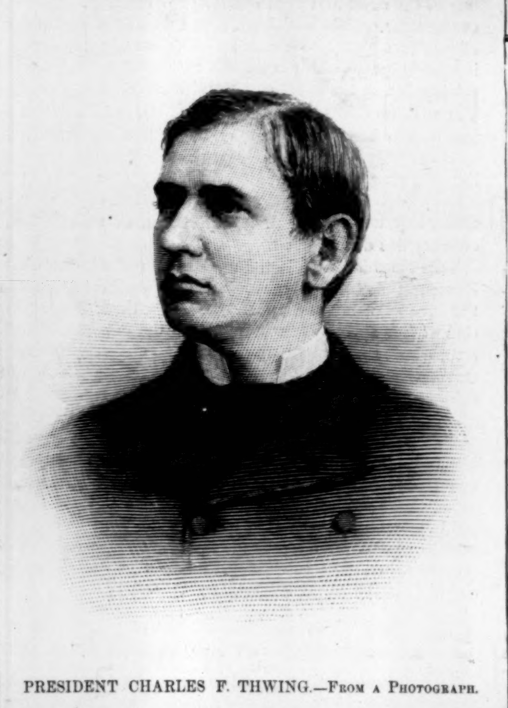

PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING.—From a Photograph.

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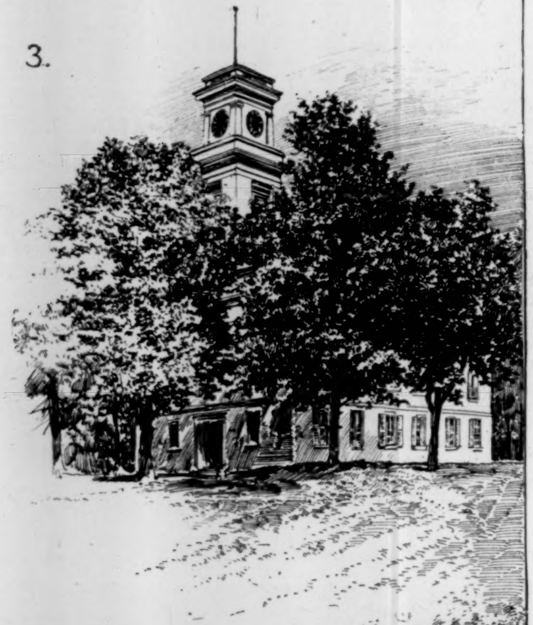

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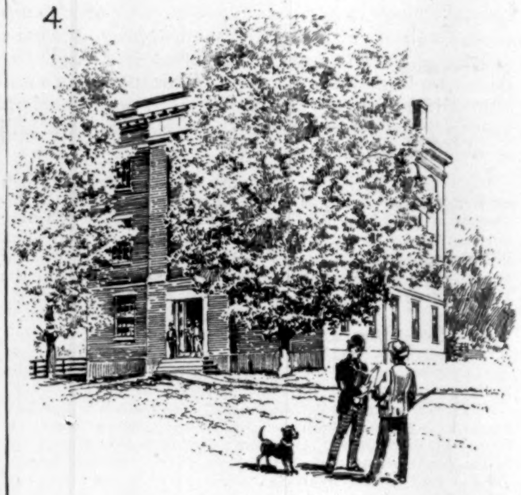

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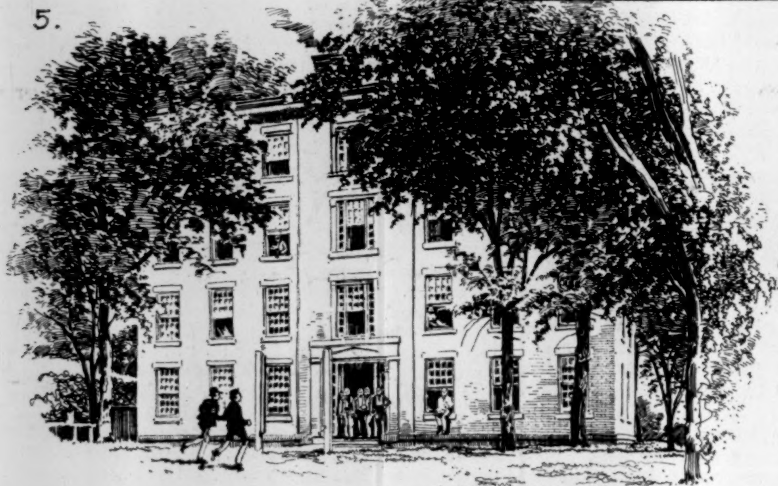

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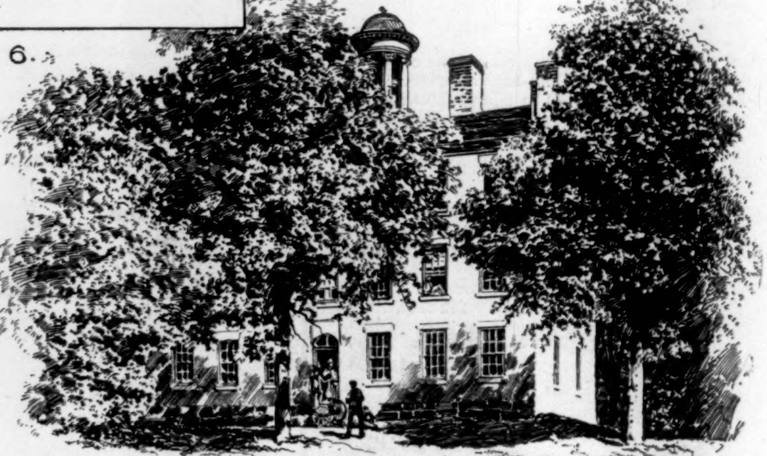

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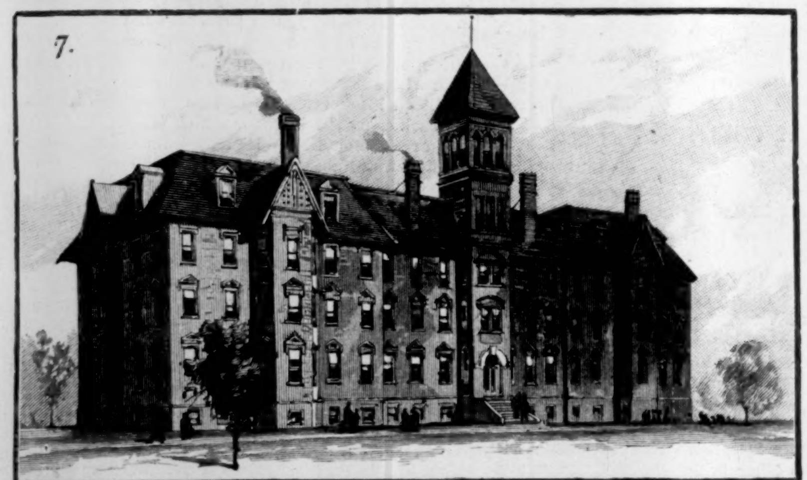

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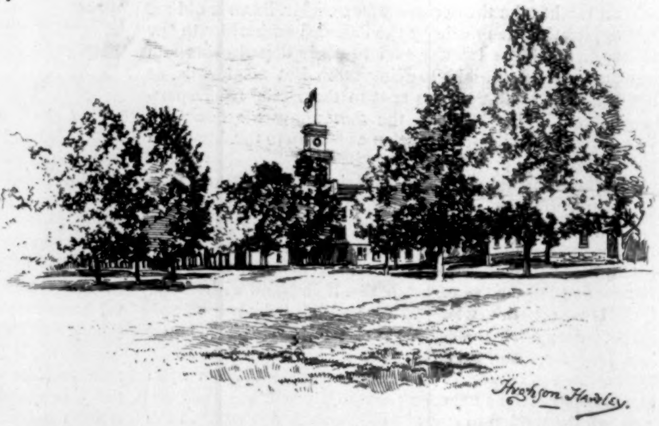
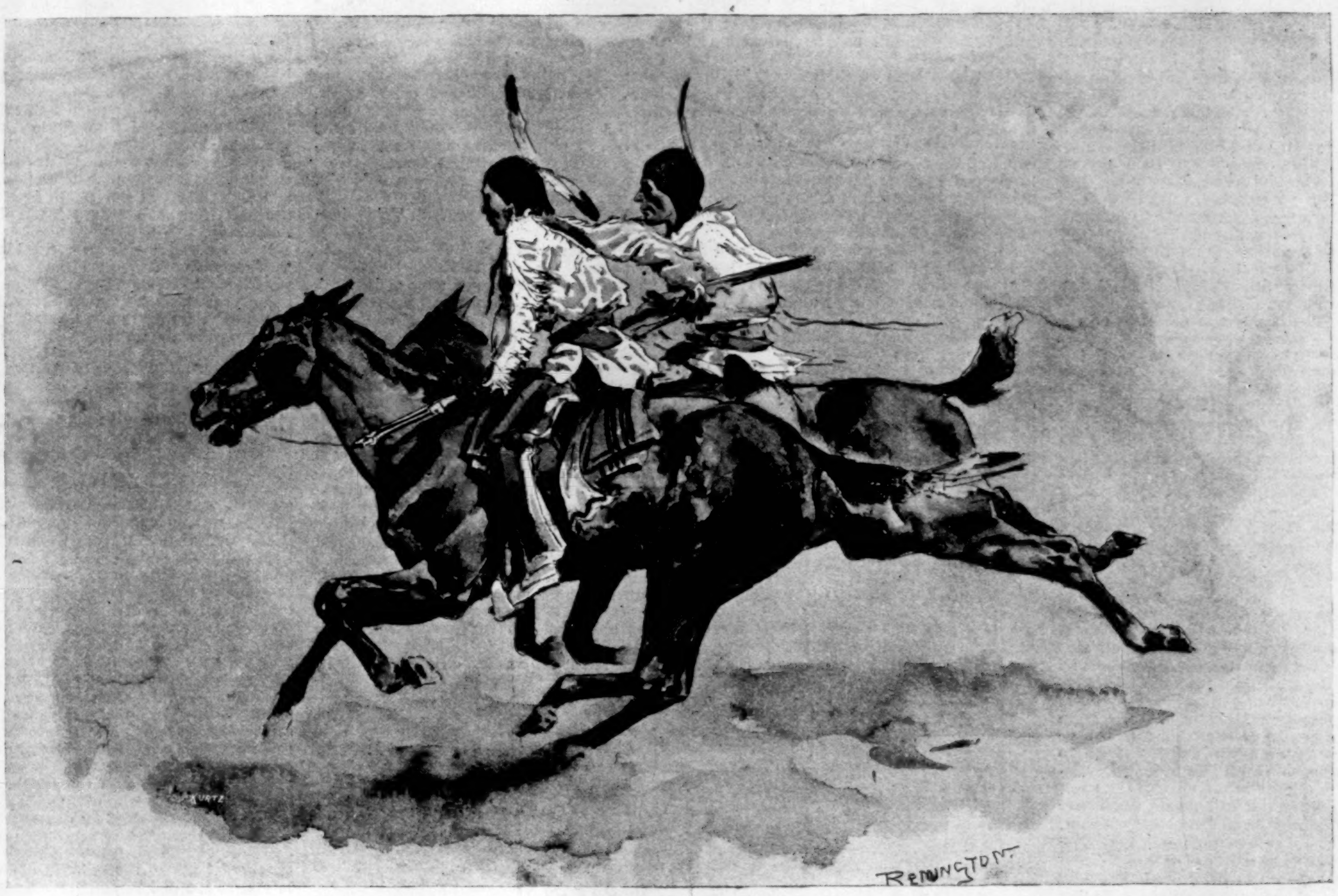

Hughson Hawley.

THE WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE.—[See Page 90.]

1. The Medical School. 2. Recitation Hall. 3. The Chapel. 4. The Old Hall. 5. The North Dormitory. 6. The South Dormitory. 7. Dormitory, Adelbert College. 8. View of the Campus.



"TWO GHOSTS I SAW."

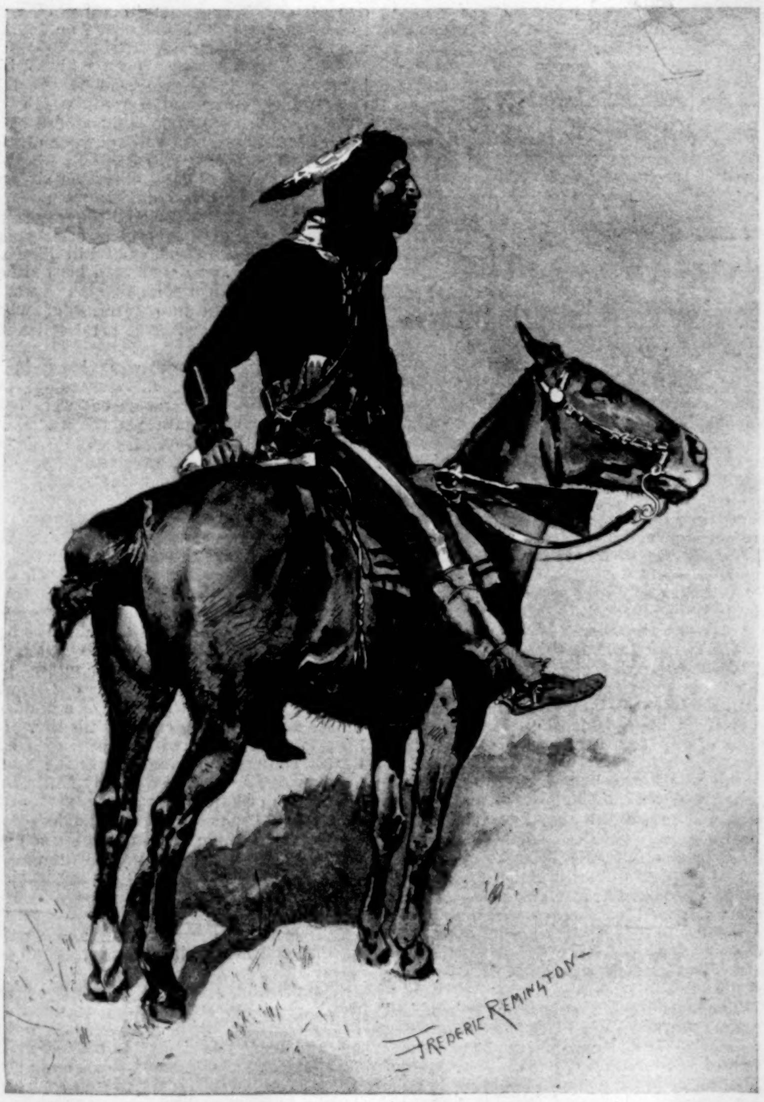
LIEUTENANT CASEY'S LAST SCOUT.

ON THE HOSTILE FLANKS WITH THE CHIS-CHIS-CHASH.

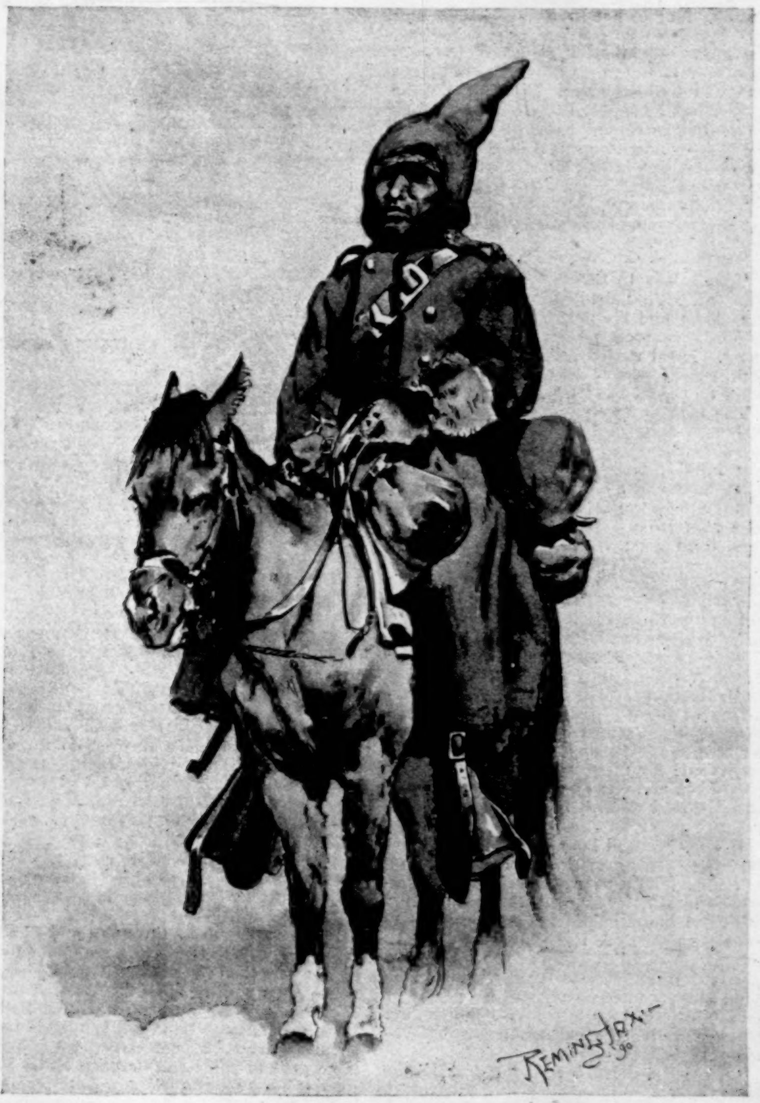
THE train bearing the Cheyenne scout corps pulled into Rapid City somewhat late. It is possible you mày think that it was a train of Pullman palace cars, but you would be mistaken, for it was a freight train, with the horses in tight box-cars, the bacon and Chis-chis-chash* on flat gravel cars, and Lieutenants Casey and Getty in the caboose. Evidently the element of haste was woven into this movement. We were glad to meet again. Expansive smiles lit up the brown features of the Indian scouts as they recognized me. Old Wolf-Voice came around in his large patronizing way and said, "How?—what you do out here?" Wolf-Voice was a magnificent type of the Indian, with a grand face, a tremendous physique, and enough self-containment for a High-Church bishop. High-Walking nudged Stump-Horn and whispered in his ear, and they both smiled as they looked at me. Lieutenant Casey walked out in the road and talked with General Miles, who sat on his beautiful sorrel horse, while two scouts and a young "horse-pusher"* from St. Louis helped me to load one strawberry-roan horse, branded "52" on the nigh front foot, into a box-car with a scrawny lot of little ponies, who showed the hard scouting of the last month in their lank quarters.

The quartermaster came down and asked Lieutenant Casey for a memorandum of his outfit, which was "70 horses, 49 Indian scouts, 1 interpreter, 2 white officers, 1000 pounds of bacon, so many crackers, 2000 pounds forage, 5 Sibley tents, and 1 citizen," all of which the quartermaster put down in a little book. You are not allowed by United States quartermasters to have an exaggerated estimate of your own importance. Bacon and forage and citizens all go down in the same column, with the only distinction that the bacon and forage outnumber you.

We were pulled down the road a few miles to the town of Hermoso, and there, in the moonlight, the baggage was unloaded and the wild little ponies frightened out of the cars, down a chute, into the stock corrals. The Sibleys were pitched, and a crowd of curious citizens, who came down to


FREDERIC REMINGTON.

CHIS-CHIS-CHASH SCOUT ON THE FLANKS.



A CHEYENNE SCOUT IN WINTER RIG.

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* The name the Cheyennes apply to themselves.

* Boy who travels with horses on the cars.

feast their eyes on the Chis-chis-chash, were dissipated when a rather frugal dinner was prepared. This was Christmas night, and rather a cheerless one, since, in the haste of departure, the Sibley stoves had been forgotten. We never had stoves again until the gallant Leavenworth battalion came to the rescue with their surplus, and in the cold frosty nights in the foot-hills there can be no personal happiness where there are no stoves. We brewed a little mess of hot stuff in a soldier's tin cup, and, in the words of Private Mulvaney, we drank to the occasion, "three fingers—standing up!"

The good that comes in the ill wind where stoves are lacking is that you can get men up in the morning. Sun-worship must have originated in circumstances of this kind. The feeling of thankfulness at the sight of the golden rays permeates your soul, and your very bones are made glad.

A few ounces of bacon, some of those accursed crackers which are made to withstand fire, water, and weevil, a quart of coffee blacker than evil, then down come the Sibleys, the blankets are rolled and the saddles adjusted, and bidding *adios* to the First Infantry (which came in during the night), we trot off down the road.

These, then, are the Cheyenne scouts. Well, I am glad I know the fact, but I never can reconcile the trim-looking scout corps of Keogh with these strange-looking objects. Erstwhile their ponies were fat, and cavorted around when falling in ranks; now they paddle along in the humblest kind of a business-like jog-trot. The new overcoats of the corps metamorphose the scouts into something between Russian Cossacks and Black Crooks. Saddle pockets bulge out, and a thousand and one little alterations in accoutrement grow up in the field which are frowned down in garrison. The men have scouted hard for a month, and have lost two nights' sleep, so at the halts for the wagons they lop down in the dust of the road, and sleep, while the little ponies stand over them, ears down, heads hanging, eyes shut, and one hind foot drawn up on its toe. Nothing can look so dejected as a pony, and doubtless few things have more reason to feel so. A short march of twenty-five miles passes us through the Seventeenth Infantry camp under Colonel Offley, and down to the Cheyenne River, where we camp for the night. There is another corps of Cheyenne scouts somewhere here on the river, under Lieutenant L. H. Struthers, of the First Infantry, and we expect to join them. On the other side of the Cheyenne rise the tangled masses of the famous Bad Lands—seamed and serrated, gray here, the golden sunset flashing there, with dark recesses giving back a frightful gloom—a place for stratagem and murder, with nothing to witness its mysteries but the cold blue winter sky. Yet we are going there. It is full of savage Sioux. The sun goes down. I am glad to cease thinking about it.

It is such a mere detail that I will not waste time on it, but this freezing out of your blankets four or five times every night, and this having to go out and coax a cooking fire into a cheerful spirit, can occupy a man's mind so that any words not depraved do not seem of any consequence. During one of the early hours I happened to sleep, and in this interval Mr. Struthers came into our tepee. He had been on a night's ride to the colonel for orders, and in passing, dropped in for a chat with Casey. When about to go, he said,

"Oh, by-the-way, I met Remington."

"Do you want to renew the acquaintance?" replied Casey.

"Why—how—why—yes."

"Well, he's there, on the other side of this tent." And Mr. Struthers passed out in the gloom, and his muttered expressions of astonishment were presently lost in the distance. I had ridden and camped with Mr. Struthers a few days since in the up country, while on the way to "the galloping Sixth."

The next day we passed down the river, and soon saw what to inexperienced eyes might be dark gray rocks on the top of yellow hills. They were the pickets of the Cheyennes, and presently we saw the tepees and the ponies, and then we rode into camp. The men from Tongue River greeted the men from Pine Ridge—the relatives and friends—with *ki-yis* of delight. The corps from Pine Ridge was organized from the Cheyennes on that reservation, and was as yet only partially disciplined, and in no way to be compared with Casey's Old Guard from Tongue River. Some two nights before, the Sioux had fired into their camp, and they had skirmished with the enemy. The vermilion of the war-path was on every countenance, and, through sympathy, I saw that our men too had gone into this style of decorative art; for faces which had previously been fresh and clean now passed my vision streaked and daubed into preternatural ferocity.

It grew late and later, and yet Lieutenant Struthers did not return from his scouting of the day. We were alarmed, and wondered and hoped; for scouting through the Bad Lands to the stronghold was dangerous, to state it mildly. A few shots would not be heard twelve miles away in the hills. We pictured black objects lying prone on the sand as we scouted next day—little masses of clay which had been men and horses, but would then be as silent as the bare hillocks about them.

"Ki-yi-yip—a-ou!" and a patter in the gloom.

"That's Struthers." Out we fall over each other as we pile out of the hole in the Sibley, and find Struthers and Lieutenant Byrom, of the Eighth Cavalry, all safe and sound.

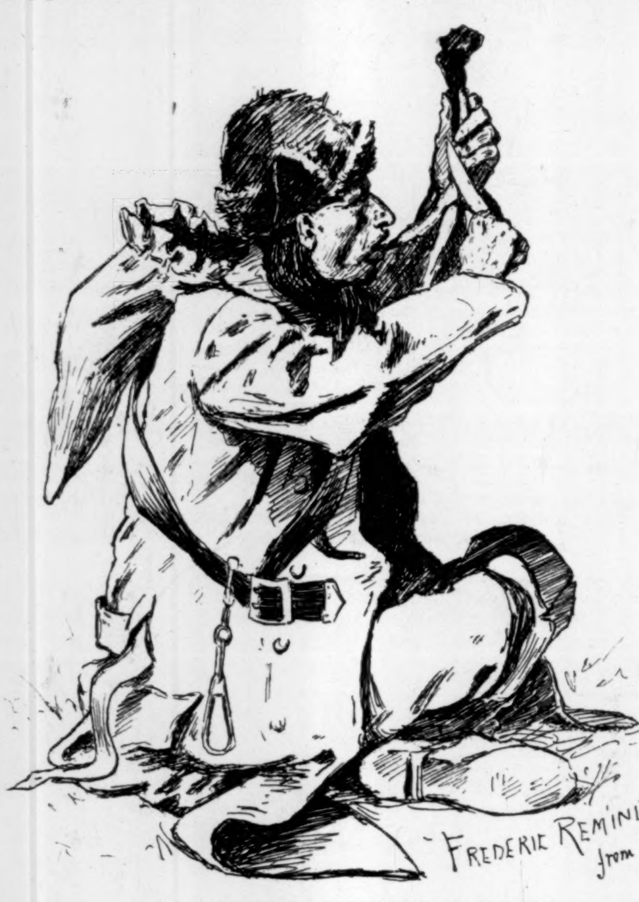
"We have been on the stronghold; they are all gone; rustle some coffee," are words in the darkness; and we crawl back into the tent, where presently the big, honest, jolly eyes of Mr. Struthers look over a quart cup, and we are happy. Byrom was a fine little cavalryman, and I have good reason to know that for impudent daring of that desperately quiet kind he is distinguished in places where all men are brave.

Away goes the courier to the colonel for orders, and after a time back he comes—a wild dash of twelve miles in the dark, and of little moment here, but a life memory to an unaccustomed one.

"We go on the stronghold in the morning," says Casey; "and now to bed." A bed consists of two blankets spread on the ground, and all the personal property not otherwise appropriated piled on top. A luxury, mind you, is this; later it was much more simple, consisting of earth for a mattress and the sky for a counterpane.

The sun is not up when in comes the horse herd. My strawberry roan goes sneaking about in the frosty willows, and after sundry well-studied manœuvres I get a grip on the lariat, and am lugged and jerked over the brush until "52 on the nigh front foot" consents to stand still. I saddle up, but have lost my gun. I entreat Mr. Thompson, the interpreter, to help me find it. Mr. Thompson is a man who began fighting for the Union in East Tennessee about thirty years long gone, and he has continued to engage in that work up to date. Mr. Thompson has formed a character which is not as round as a ball, but much more the shape of horn-silver in its native state. He is humorous by turns, and early in my acquaintance he undertook the cultivation of my mind in the art of war as practised on the frontier. On this occasion he at last found my Springfield, and handed it to me with the admonition "that in times like these one warrior can't look after another warrior's gun."

The wagons were to go—well, I never knew where, but they went off over the hills, and I never saw them again for some miserable days and dreary nights. Five Pine Ridge Cheyennes and Mr. Wolf-Voice were my party, and we filed away. At Battle Creek we watered, and crossed the Cheyenne a mile above. My horse was smooth shod, and the river frozen half-way over, so we slid around on the ice, and jumped into the icy waters, got wet, crawled out, slid around some more, and finally landed. Mr. Wolf-Voice looked me over, and smilingly said, "Me think you no like 'em"; wherein his conclusion was eminently correct. Who does like to have a mass of ice freeze on him when naturally the weather is cold enough to satisfy a walrus?



CHEYENNE SCOUT EATING A BEEF RIB.

It was twelve miles through the defiles of the Bad Lands to the blue ridge of the high mesa where the hostiles had lived. The trail was strewn with dead cattle, some of them having never been touched with a knife. Here and there a dead pony, ridden to a stand-still and left nerveless on the trail. No words of mine can describe these Bad Lands. They are somewhat as Doré pictured hell. One set of buttes, with cones and minarets, gives place in the next mile to natural freaks of a different variety, never dreamed of by mortal man. It is the action of water on clay; there are ashes, or what looks like them. The painter's whole palette is in one bluff. A year's study of these colors by Mr. Bierstadt, Professor Marsh, and Mr. Notman might possibly convey to the Eastern mind an idea; so we'll amble along after Mr. Wolf-Voice, and leave that subject intact.

"Hark!" My little party stops suddenly, and we all listen. I feel stupid.

"You hear 'em?" says Wolf-Voice, in a stage-whisper.

"Hear what?" I say.

"Shots."

Then we all get out our guns and go galloping like mad. I can't imagine why, but I spur my horse and perform equestrian feats which in an ordinary frame of mind I should regard as insane. Down a narrow trail we go, with the gravel flying, and through a *coulée*, up a little hill, on top of which we stop to listen, and then away we go. The blue wall grows nearer, and at last we are under it. A few cotton-wood trees, some frozen water, a little cleft on the bluffs, and I see a trail winding upward. I know these warriors are going up there, but I can't understand precisely how. It is not the first perilous trail I have contemplated; but there are dead cattle lying at the bottom which had fallen off and been killed in the ascent. We dismount and start up. It tells on your wind, and tries the leg muscles. Up a steep place a horse wants to go fast, and you have to keep him from running over you. A bend in the trail where the running water has frozen seems impassable. I jump across it, and then pull the bridle and say, "Come on, boy!" If I were the horse I would balk, but the noble animal will try it. A leap, a plunging, and with a terrific scrabble, we are all right. Farther up, and the incline is certainly eighty-five degrees. My horse looses his front feet, but a jerk at the headstall brings him down, and he plunges past me to be caught by an Indian at the top of the trail. For a moment we breathe, and then mount.

Before us is a great flat plain blackened by fire, and with the grass still burning. Away in the distance, in the shimmer of the air waves, are figures.

"Maybe so dey Sioux," says Wolf-Voice. And we gallop toward them.

"What will you do if they are?" I ask.

"Stand 'em off," replies the war-dog.

Half an hour's ride showed them to be some of our Cheyennes. All about the plain were strewed the remains of dead cattle (heads and horns, half-butchered carcasses, and withal a rather impressive smell), coyotes, and ravens—all very like war. These Brulés must have lived well. There were lodge poles, old fires, and a series of rifle pits across the neck of land which the Sioux had proposed to defend; medicine poles, and near them the sacrifices, among which was food dedicated to the Great Spirit, but eventually consumed by the less exalted members of Casey's command. I vandalized a stone pipe and a rawhide stirrup.

The less curious members of our band had gone south, and Wolf-Voice and I rode along together. We discussed war, and I remember two of Wolf-Voice's opinions. Speaking of infantry and their method of fighting, he said:

"Dese walk-a-heap soldiers dey dig hole—get in—shoot heap—Injun can't do nothin' wid 'em—can't kill 'em—can't do nothin' but jes go 'way."

Then, explaining why the Sioux had shown bad generalship in selecting their position, he turned in his saddle, and said, "De big guns he knock 'em rifle pit, den de calavy lun pas' in column—Injun no stop calavy—kill 'em heap, but no stop 'em—den de walk-a-heap dey come too, and de Sioux dey go ober de bluffs." And with wild enthusiasm he added, "De Sioux dey go to hell!" That prospect seemed to delight Mr. Wolf-Voice immensely.

It was a weary ride over the black and smoking plain. A queer mirage was said by my Indian to be the Cheyenne scouts coming after us. Black figures of animals walking slowly along were "starving bronchos abandoned by the hostiles."

"Cow-boy he catch 'em," said Wolf-Voice.

I explained that Colonel Offley had orders not to allow any citizens to cross the Cheyenne River.

"Cow-boy he no give um dam; he come alle samee."

And I thought Wolf-Voice was probably right.

On the southern edge of the bluffs of the mesa we halted, and found water for man and beast. The command gradually concentrated, and for half an hour we stood on the high points scanning the great flats below, and located the dust of the retiring hostile column and the back lying scouts. Lieutenant Casey had positive orders not to bring on an engagement, and only desired to hang on their flanks, so as to keep Miles familiar with the hostile movements. A courier started on his lonely ride back with a note for the major-general. Our scouts were flying about far down the valley, and we filed off after them. Presently a little column of dust follows a flying horseman toward us. On, on he comes. The scouts grow uneasy; wild creatures they are, with the suspicion of a red deer and the stealth of a panther.

The Sioux have fired on our scouts. Off we go at a trot, scattering out, unslinging our guns, and the air full of fight. I ride by Casey, and see he is troubled. The orders in his pocket do not call for a fight. Can he hold these wild warriors?

"Struthers, we have got to hold these men," said Casey, in a tone of voice which was full of meaning. To shorten the story, our men were at last gotten into ranks, and details made to cover the advance. The hostiles were evidently much excited. Little clouds of dust whirling hither and thither showed where the opposing scouts were shadowing each other. The sun was waning, and yet we spurred our weary horses on toward the enemy. Poor beasts! no food and too much exercise since daylight.

The Cheyennes were uneasy, and not at all pleased with this scheme of action. What could they know about the orders in Lieutenant Casey's pocket, prompted by a commanding general thinking of a thousand and one interests, and with telegrams from Washington directing the avoidance of an Indian war?

Old-soldier Thompson even, with all his intelligence and knowledge of things, felt the wild Berserker battle valor, which he smothered with difficulty, and confined himself to potent remarks and spurring of old Piegan. He said: "This is a new kind of war. Them Injuns don't understand it, and to tell you the truth, I don't nuther. The Injuns say they have come all the way from Tongue River, and are going back poor. Can't get Sioux horses, can't kill Sioux," and in peroration he confirmed his old impression "that this was a new kind of war"; and then relapsed into reveries of what things used to be before General Miles invented this new kind of war.

In our immediate front was a heavy body of Sioux scouts. Lieutenant Casey was ahead. Men broke from our ranks, but were held with difficulty by Struthers and Getty. Back comes Casey at a gallop. He sees the crisis, and, with his hand on his six-shooter, says, "I will shoot the first man through the head who falls out of the ranks." A mutiny is imminent in the Pine Ridge contingent, but the diplomat Struthers brings order at last, and we file off down the hills to the left, and stop by a stream, while Casey goes back and meets a body of Sioux on a high hill for a powwow. I watched through a glass, and the sun went down as they talked. We had orders not to remove our saddles, and stood in the line nervously expecting anything imaginable to happen. The daring of Casey in this case is simply an instance of a hundred such, and the last one cost him his life. By his prompt measures with his own men, and by his courage in going among the Sioux to powwow, he averted a bloody battle, and obeyed his orders. There was one man between two banks of savage warriors who were fairly frothing at the mouth—a soldier; the sun will never shine upon a better.

At last, after an interminable time, he came away. Far away to the right are two of our scouts driving two beeves. We see the bright blaze of the six-shooters, the steers tumble, and hunger is no longer one of our woes.

The tired horses are unsaddled, to eat and drink and roll. We lay dry cotton-wood limbs on the fires, heavy pickets are told off, and our "bull meat" is cooked in the primitive style. Old Wolf-Voice and another scout are swinging six ribs on a piece of rawhide over a fire, and later he brings me a rib and a little bit of coffee from a roll in his handkerchief. I thought him a "brick," and mystified him by telling him so.

Three or four Brulés are let in through our pickets, and come "wagging their tails," as Two-Moons says, but adding, "Don't you trust the Sioux." They protest their good intentions, borrow tobacco, and say Lieutenant Casey can send in a wagon for commissaries to Pine Ridge, and also that I can go through their lines with it. Were there ever greater liars on earth?

I sat near the fire and looked intently at one human brute opposite, a perfect animal, so far as I could see. Never was there a face so replete with human depravity, stolid, ferocious, arrogant, and all the rest—ghost-shirt, war-paint, feathers, and arms. As a picture, perfect; as a reality, horrible. Presently they go away, and we prepare for the night. This preparing for the night is a rather simple process. I have stolen my saddle blanket from my poor horse, and, with this laid on the ground, I try my saddle in four or five different positions in its capacity of pillow. The inventor of the Whitman tree never considered this possible use of his handiwork, or he might have done better. I next button the lower three buttons of my overcoat, and thus wrapped "I lie down to pleasant dreams"—of rheumatism.

An hour later and the fires go down. Black forms pass like uneasy spirits, and presently you find yourself thrashing around in the underbrush across the river after branches to feed that insatiable fire. One comrade breaks through the ice and gets wet, and inelegant remarks come from the shadowy blackness under the river-banks. I think a man shouldn't use such language even under such circumstances, but I also think very few men wouldn't. A chilling wind now adds to the misery of the situation, and the heat of the fire goes off in a cloud of sparks to the No Man's Land across the river. After smoking a pipe for two hours your mouth is raw and your nervous system shattered, so nothing is left but to sit calmly down and just suffer. You can hate the Chinese on the other side of the world, who are now enjoying the rays of the sun.

And morning finds you in the saddle. It always does. I don't know how it is—a habit of life, I suppose. Mornings ought to find me cozily ensconced in a good bed, but in retrospect they seem always to be in the saddle, with a good prospect of all day ahead, and evening finds me with a chunk of bull meat and without blankets, until one fine day we come to our wagons, our Sibleys, and the little luxuries of the mess chest.

The next morning I announced my intention of going to Pine Ridge Agency, which is twenty-five miles away. Mr. Thompson, two scouts, and a Swedish teamster are to go in for provisions and messages. Mr. Thompson got in the wagon. I expressed my astonishment at this and the fact that he had no carbines, as we expected to go through the hostile pickets and camp. He said, "If I can't talk them Injuns out of killin' me, I reckon I'll have to go." I trotted along with Red-Bear and Hairy-Arm, and a mile and a half ahead went the courier, Wells. Poor man! in two hours he lay bleeding in the road, with a bullet through the hips, and called two days for water before he "struck the long trail to the kingdom come," as the cow-boys phrase it.

We could see two black columns of smoke, which we did not understand. After we had gone eight or ten miles, and were just crossing a ravine, we saw a Sioux buck on a little hill just ahead, out of pistol-shot. He immediately rode the "danger signal." Red-Bear turned his horse in the "peace sign," and advanced. We drove over the ravine, and halted. I dismounted. Six young Brulé Sioux rose out of the ground, and rode up to Red-Bear, and the hills were full of pickets to the right and left. We waited to hear the result of Red-Bear's conversation, when he presently came back and spoke to Thompson in Cheyenne. I looked at him; his eyes were snapping, and his facial muscles twitched frightfully. This was unusual, and I knew that things were not well.

"Red-Bear says we will have to go back," explained Thompson; and turning to Red-Bear, he requested that two Sioux might come closer, and talk with us. Things looked ominous to me, not understanding Cheyenne, which was being talked. "This is a bad hole, and I reckon our cake is dough right here," said Thompson.

Hairy-Arm's face was impassive, but his dark eyes wandered from Brulé to Brulé with devilish calculation. Two young bucks came up, and one asked Thompson for tobacco, whereat he was handed a package of Durham by Thompson, which was not returned.

"It's lucky for me that tobacco ain't a million dollars," sighed Thompson.

Another little buck slipped up behind me, whereat Mr. Thompson gave me a warning look. Turning, I advanced on him quickly (I wanted to be as near as possible, not being armed), and holding out my hand, said, "How, colah?" He did not like to take it, but he did, and I was saved the trouble of further action.

"We'll never get this wagon turned around," suggested Mr. Thompson, as the teamster whipped up; but we did. And as we commenced our movement on Casey's camp, Mr. Thompson said, "Go slow now; don't run, or they'll sure shoot."

"Gemme gun," said the little scout Red-Bear, and we all got our arms from the wagon.

There was no suspense now. Things had begun to happen. A little faster, yet faster, we go up the little banks of the *coulée*, and, ye gods! what!—five fully armed, well-mounted cow-boys—a regular rescue scene from Buffalo Bill's show.

"Go back!" shouted Thompson.

Bang! bang! bang! and the bullets whistle around and kick up the dust. Away we go.

Four bucks start over the hills to our right to flank us. Red-Bear talked loudly in Cheyenne.

Thompson repeated, "Red-Bear says if any one is hit, get off in the grass and lie down; we must all hang together."

We all yelled, "We will."

A well-mounted man rode like mad ahead of the laboring team horses to carry the news to the scout camp. The cow-boys, being well mounted, could easily have gotten away, but they stuck like true blues.

Here is where the great beauty of American character comes out. Nothing can be taken seriously by men used to danger. Above the pounding of the horses and the rattle of the wagon and through the dust came the cow-boy song from the lips of Mr. Thompson:

"Roll your tail,
And roll her high;
We'll all be angels
By-and-by."

We deployed on the flanks of the wagon so that the team horses might not be shot, which would have stopped the whole outfit, and we did ten miles at a record-breaking gallop. We struck the scout camp in a blaze of excitement. The Cheyennes were in war-paint, and the ponies' tails were tied up and full of feathers. Had the Sioux materialized at that time, Mr. Casey would have had his orders broken right there.

After a lull in the proceedings, Mr. Thompson confided to me that "the next time I go to war in a wagon it will put the drinks on me"; and he saddled Piegan, and patted his neck in a way which showed his gratification at the change in transport. We pulled out again for the lower country, and as our scouts had seen the dust of Colonel Sanford's command, we presently joined them.

Any remarks made to Mr. Thompson on the tobacco subject are taken seriously, and he has intimated to me a quiet yearning for a shot at "the particular slit-mouthed Brulé who got away with that Durham."

How we awoke next morning with the sleet freezing in our faces, and how we made camp in the blizzard, and borrowed Sibley stoves of the soldiers, and how we were at last comfortable, and spent New-Year's Eve in a proper manner, is of little interest.

I was awakened at a late hour that night by Captain Baldwin, of General Miles's staff, and told to saddle up for a night's ride to Pine Ridge. This was the end of my experience with Lieutenant Casey and his gallant corps. We shook hands cheerily in the dim candle-light of the tepee, and agreeing to meet in New York at some not distant day, I stepped out from the Sibley, mounted, and rode away in the night.

Three days later I had eaten my breakfast on the dining car, and had settled down to a cigar and a Chicago morning paper. The big leads at the top of the column said, "Lieutenant E. W. Casey Shot." Casey shot! I look again. Yes; despatches from head-quarters—a fact beyond question.

A nasty little Brulé Sioux had made his *coup*, and shot away the life of a man who would have gained his stars in modern war as naturally as most of his fellows would their eagles. He had shot away the life of an accomplished man; the best friend the Indians had; a man who did not know "fear"; a young man beloved by his comrades, respected by his generals and by the Secretary of War. The squaws of another race will sing the death-song of their benefactor, and woe to the Sioux if the Northern Cheyennes get a chance to *coup!*

"Try to avoid bloodshed," comes over the wires from Washington. "Poor savages!" comes the plaintive wail of the sentimentalist from his place of security; but who is to weep for the men who hold up a row of brass buttons for any hater of the United States to fire a gun at? Are the squaws of another race to do the mourning for American soldiers? Are the men of another race to hope for vengeance? Bah!

I sometimes think Americans lack a virtue which the military races of Europe possess. Possibly they may never need it. I hope not. American soldiers of our frontier days have learned not to expect sympathy in the East, but where one like Casey goes down there are many places where Sorrow will spread her dusky pinions and the light grow dim.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

CLAUS SPRECKELS.

IN the year 1830 a young German immigrant, with little money and less education, arrived in New York from Hanover, where he had been born, and where his family remained. It was not long before he had become the proprietor of a small retail grocery in Church Street, and had fairly embarked on a career that has since astonished the world. Now, after sixty years of such toil and accomplishment as few men are capable of, he is possessed of many millions of dollars—no one but himself can tell or even closely estimate how many—and has won the distinction of having defied and fairly outlived the great monopoly called the Sugar Trust.

Claus Spreckels has by his own choice kept his personality away from the public notice, while he has at the same time conducted stupendous business operations that seem beyond the power of a single man to carry out. For a score of years after his modest beginning he made no noteworthy success. It is true that he was known among his associates as a keen business man, with abilities fully equal to such strain as was put upon them, but no one would have dreamed of his future fifty years ago. Probably he least of any would have predicted such success as he has attained.

There was that in him, however, which led him to seek for the largest opportunity, and as Hanover had seemed an inadequate field to him when the New World was open, so New York seemed too narrow when the discovery of gold in California drew the tide of immigration thither. Pausing only long enough to dispose of his business to good advantage, he went with the tide, not as a prospector or miner, but as a trader. The uncertainties of gold hunting had no attraction for him. He was contented to accumulate, and for years after his arrival on the Pacific coast he continued in trade as a grocer, maintaining the reputation he had established, but making no brilliant strokes, and achieving no special prominence.

At length, after a quarter of a century of a fairly prosperous business career, he found himself in that position where an ordinary man would feel justified in quitting business and settling down to enjoy a hard-earned competency for such a space of life as might be remaining for him. Mr. Spreckels did not retire and settle down. He had merely been gathering capital for the real work of his life, and he began it. It was the era of rapid returns for sound investments, and the first one he made outside of the grocery business proved enormously profitable. His brothers had followed him to California, and combining with them he purchased, for $40,000, an interest in the Albany Brewery in San Francisco. It is not recorded—at least the public is not informed—how large his personal investment was, nor what his profits were, but it is certain that they were very large. Profitable as it proved, however, brewing was no field for him, and he was soon looking for a wider one.

He was already known as a speculator in sugar; and studying the trade carefully, he discovered that it was dependent on a supply too far distant, and upon conditions of transportation that made sugar inordinately costly on the Pacific coast. Once more he looked westward, and far out on the western ocean he found his golden opportunity. An earthly paradise in mid-ocean, peopled by a race of gentle savages, where nature's bounty supplied all needs, and where primitive conditions obtained, was to him a gold mine richer than any in California. Sugar could be raised there more cheaply than in the United States, even with slave labor, and could be brought to the Pacific slope more cheaply than from the sugar-producing States.

To see was to act, and as a very pioneer Claus Spreckels went to Hawaii to develop—not the country, but his business. The record of that period in Hawaiian history will probably never be written. The native people, gentler than the North-American Indians, welcomed the strangers of a stronger race who came to them, and have suffered in consequence. With a kingly government, they had no monarch strong enough to withstand the influences that were brought to bear on him, and the foreign element speedily became the dominant power.

Mr. Spreckels had one thing in view. It is probably impossible to say just how he procured the control of the entire output of sugar from the Sandwich Islands. That is a portion of the unwritten history. He did, however, procure it, and it is cited, as one of the facts that seem relevant, that in January, 1885, he made a personal loan to his friend the king of the comfortable amount of about a million dollars. If the loan has been repaid, the world does not know of it. Long before 1885, however, Claus Spreckels had earned the title of the "Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands," and the pecuniary favor—gift or loan—was merely a courtesy extended by a stronger to a weaker monarch, for his power was greater, as his wealth was greater, than that of Kalakaua. All the sugar plantations of the Sandwich Islands were under his personal control, and all the sugar went to the refineries that he personally owned, to be sent by him to the United States, and sold for money that swelled his individual fortune. It was a monopoly greater than has often been grasped by a single individual, and Claus Spreckels was working for Claus Spreckels alone.

It was during this period of his life that he accumulated the enormous wealth that enabled him, after he was eighty years old, to begin such a warfare as no other individual on earth could have carried on. Nobody knows, excepting Mr. Spreckels himself, or, it may be, some very intimately confidential employé, just how much he owns, but it is known that for many years—perhaps twenty—his income was not less than two million dollars a year, independent of the "unearned increment" accruing from reinvestments and outside interests. He controlled absolutely the sugar trade of the Pacific coast, and that was known to be not less than ten millions of dollars a year. His plantations and refineries were producing at that time at least six hundred barrels of sugar a day, and the profit on each barrel, handled and sold as he handled and sold it, was not less than ten dollars.

Such an income in the hands of such a man meant simply additional capital with which to prosecute other enterprises. In what other channels he has employed this capital cannot be told fully, for Mr. Spreckels is alive to the importance of keeping his business to himself. One enterprise, however, is known to be owned principally, if not entirely, by him, and serves as a means of employing many millions of capital. It is known as the Hawaiian Commercial Company, and has for its object the control of all traffic with the Sandwich Islands, not only in sugar, but in all other commodities. The profits of such a company, controlled by a man who stands in the relation that Mr. Spreckels does with the government of the country, can only be imagined. No outsider can estimate them.

It was impossible that any man should reach such a point in a business career without making exceedingly bitter enemies, and Mr. Spreckels had and still has many such.

Neither business rivalry nor newspaper opposition, however, served to hinder Mr. Spreckels in his business success, and he went on growing richer and richer, pitting himself against the combined interests of all the other heaviest sugar refiners in America. The Sugar Trust, concerning which so much has been published, was formed, and for a time threatened to carry out the usual procedures of great trusts. No doubt Mr. Spreckels could have joined this combination, and if he had done so the result might very probably have been vastly different from what it has been, but he was not willing to depart from his methods of more than half a century. He had always worked alone, and he resolved to continue working alone. An opportunity for combination was not an opportunity for him.

To remain out of the trust, however, meant to break the trust or be crushed by it, and he resolved to try the former. It was characteristic of the man that he was not content to remain at his end of the continent and strive to maintain the vantage-ground he occupied. In his old age he determined to cross the country again, and to intrench himself in the enemy's country. Selecting Philadelphia as his point of intrenchment, he made large purchases of property, and prepared to begin the refining of sugar there on a large scale.

It is not of public record that Mr. Spreckels has displayed any of the softer emotions of humanity on more than one occasion. That was when he left San Francisco to establish himself in Philadelphia. On the eve of his departure a meeting of his employés was held for the purpose of bidding him farewell, and when he rose to make response to the friendly words that were spoken to him, the tears fell over his rugged features.

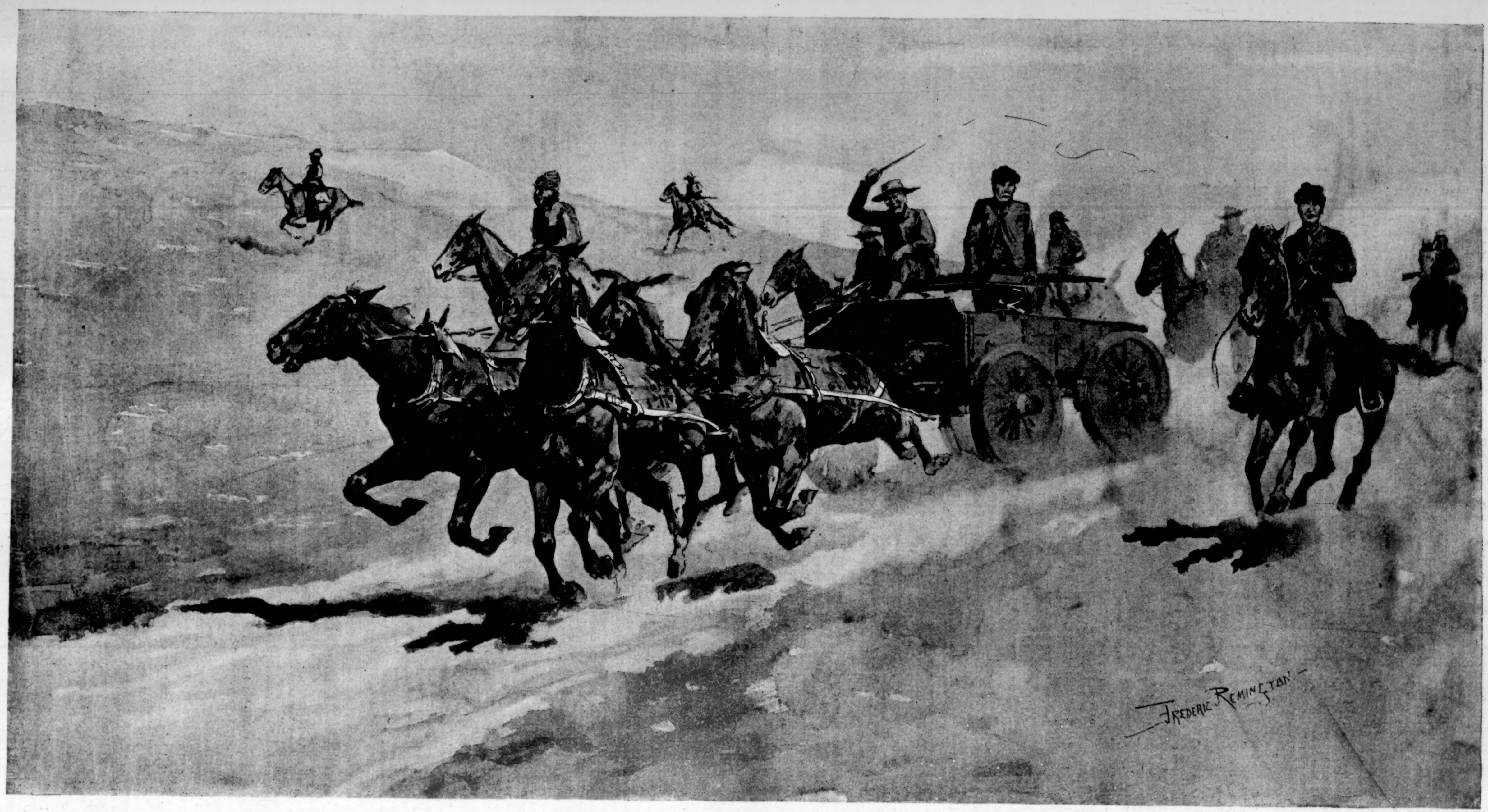
Mr. Spreckels married early in life, his wife being of extraction as humble as his own. He has always been known as a man of domestic tastes, preferring his own home to the attractions of clubs or of society, so called. He is, however, of social disposition outside of business hours, and since removing to Philadelphia has formed friendships with some of the best-known men about town, with whom he is frequently seen in public places in New York and Philadelphia, his favorite amusement being a friendly game of cards. He has five children—four sons and a daughter—all of whom are highly educated, and have received the advantages of travel and of society influences.

Mr. Spreckels has been aptly called a very young old man. He is of medium height, but is very strongly built, and despite the burden of his years is as active and seemingly as capable of supporting fatigue as a strong man of half his age. In fact, almost the only outward indication of that age is the growing whiteness of his hair and beard. In manner and appearance he makes little manifestation of that business ability which has carried him through so many years successfully. Perhaps the expression of his eyes is the most characteristic feature of his appearance. They are of a clear blue, and are at once shrewd and searching, but they are so quick in movement that they give the observer a distinct impression of his secretiveness, and even of cunning. A specially noticeable thing about him is that, after all the years he has lived in America, he still speaks with a strong German accent.

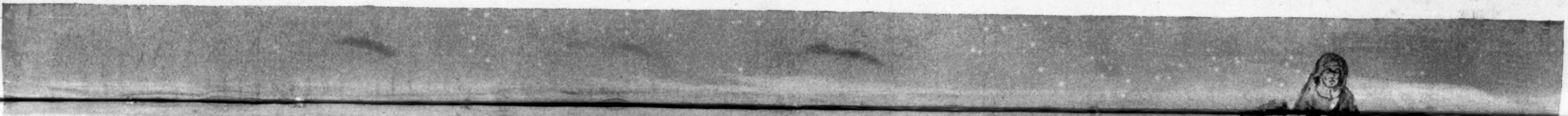
THE LOVER.

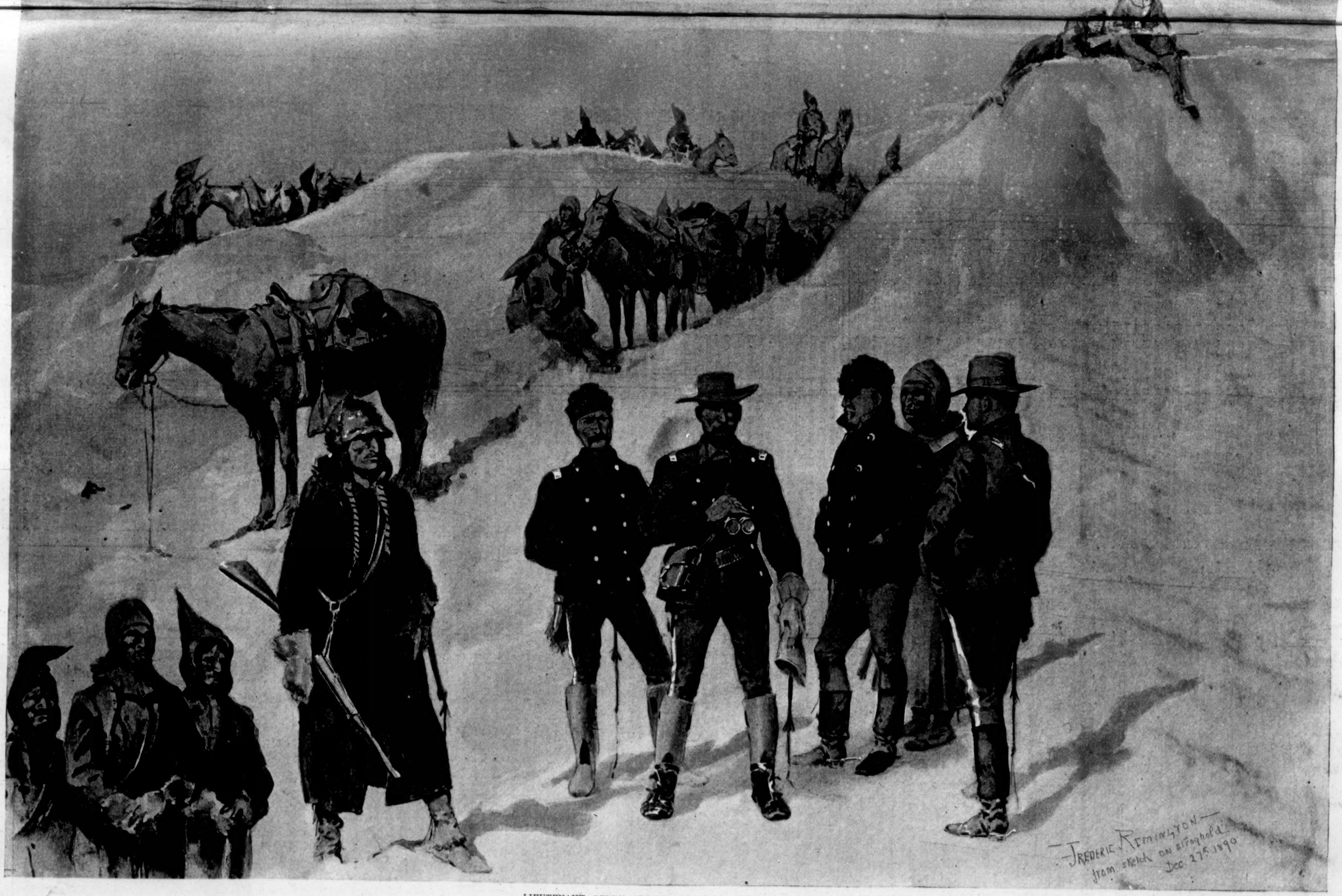
SHE is gone! I have lost her, I fear.
In the exquisite light of her love
I could feel, I could see, and could hear,
More than even the angels above
Had, before it, vouchsafed to dispense
To my otherwise dull common-sense.

Is there no chance to win her? Not one?
Is she quite and forever not mine?
Do you dare, then, to say I'm undone?
That my arms shall never entwine
Her dear form? God pardon the oath!
Love or Death shall forever claim both!


FREDERIC REMINGTON

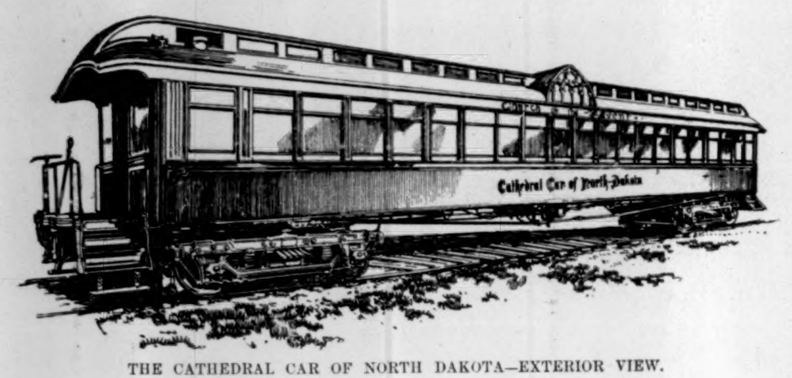
A RUN TO THE SCOUT CAMP.




Frederic Remington
from sketch on stronghold
Dec. 27th 1890

LIEUTENANT GEDDY, SECOND IN COMMAND. LIEUTENANT CASEY. FREDERIC REMINGTON. LIEUTENANT STRUTHERS, OF THE PINE RIDGE SCOUTS.

WATCHING THE DUST OF THE HOSTILES FROM THE BLUFFS OF THE STRONGHOLD.—[See Page 85.]


Cathedral Car of North Dakota

THE CATHEDRAL CAR OF NORTH DAKOTA—EXTERIOR VIEW.

A JOURNEYING CATHEDRAL.

WITH ecclesiastical minds generally the prodigious scheme of reconciling religious faith with scientific fact in all conditions of advance may have less fascination than in years past. Or should it not be that they love this subject less, they love that of simply elevating the human race more.

The latest expression of the modern idea of aiming at practical accomplishment in this direction is a picturesque development among religious systems. A Western bishop received inspiration for this work, which is of directly fruitful nature, since bringing inventive science in a remarkable manner into the service of religion. Whether with the twain united on such a basis in North Dakota the last shadow of discord on dogmatic ground has "passed in music out of sight" through the frontier range is not reported. The case is better known that the present invention successfully accomplished had stern necessity for its mother by the common rule.

In his wide, wild diocese the esteemed missionary bishop Rt. Rev. William D. Walker, LL.D., brooded deeply on a situation for which creeds were not responsible. A lack of church edifices of any kind was the serious difficulty which he had everywhere to face. He noted in connection the significance of the fact that in North Dakota the accommodation in railroads is more than ordinary for so new a country. Across the State he found stretched four great lines, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Minneapolis and Pacific, sometimes called the "Soo System," with feeders thrown out in all directions. As a result of this advanced engineering, and chiefly of consequence as a stimulus for the practical measures now under consideration, a very large number of small hamlets dot the country at short intervals. Many farms are grouped around each station on the principal and branch railways. For business convenience the occupants naturally choose their land as near a village as possible. The bishop could count up as many as sixty or seventy of these very small places on the railroads. In frequent instances such settlements contain no schoolhouses or churches, and very often he could find no room in the hamlet sufficiently large to hold twenty people. Yet in these situations two or three hundred people live within a radius of four miles.

Such were the conditions which prompted Bishop Walker to ask himself many times over how he could reach these people and minister to them in spiritual concerns. Much thought had been given to the subject, when he conceived the original expedient of a car planned for cathedral use. In their Chicago shops the Pullman Palace Car Company have carried out the idea of so absolutely unique a construction in proper form. The work was completed last month, and has reached its destination. Although this modern type of ecclesiastical architecture may be without vastly impressive effect for present or future generations of sight-seers, it possesses the prime quality in all constructive plans of being fitted for its special use.

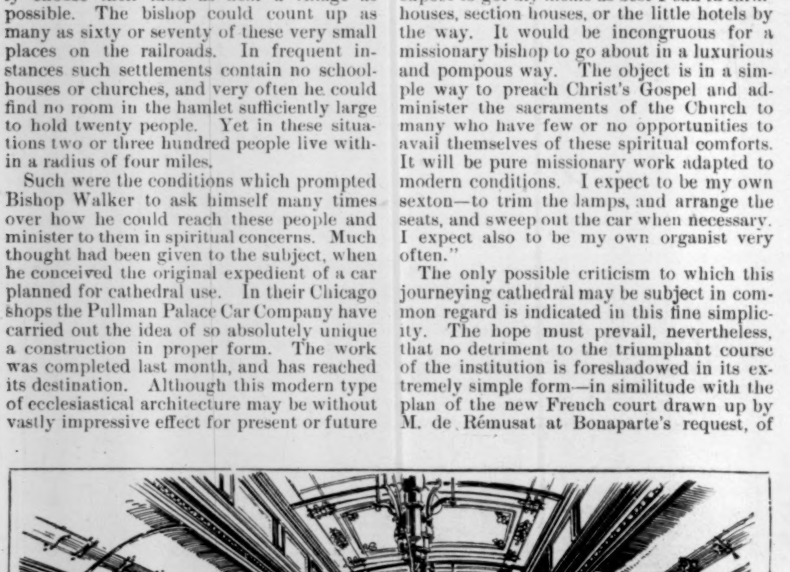
Among different titles applied to this car by way of pleasantry are the "peripatetic church," "the cathedral on wheels," the "patent preaching car," and the "roaming Catholic cathedral of North Dakota." The name given it by the bishop is the "Church of the Advent." This is painted in appropriate form of lettering on the side above the windows. On the space beneath the windows is traced in gold and red the additional descriptive term "Cathedral Car of North Dakota."

This car is sixty feet long, and arranged with what has been known to the manufacturers as a "state-room" at one end. In the centre of the exterior on either side is an elevation with sunken panels to give in some degree the cathedral appearance. This transept plan was arranged by Mr. C. C. Haight, of New York, the well-known architect for the Trinity Church Association, Columbia College, and the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in addition to a general course of important work in this city and its environs. The finish is in oak, and the car is equipped with double windows on account of the cold country in which it will be used. A Baker heater is selected for warming this moving house of worship.

Toward the rear end of the car is the chancel, with its altar, lectern, and font. A cabinet organ provides the music. The seating space is filled with portable chairs to the number of about eighty. The room partitioned off in the rear is ten feet long by about nine feet four inches wide. Its twofold use as vestry and bedroom is best signified in the bishop's words: "In it I can put on my robes. It will also be a dormitory for me when the people of the hamlet will not have room to shelter me. It will be simple in decoration and in its equipment."

"It is not my intention," he further states, "to have a kitchen, or a cook, or a porter. I expect to get my meals as best I can in farmhouses, section houses, or the little hotels by the way. It would be incongruous for a missionary bishop to go about in a luxurious and pompous way. The object is in a simple way to preach Christ's Gospel and administer the sacraments of the Church to many who have few or no opportunities to avail themselves of these spiritual comforts. It will be pure missionary work adapted to modern conditions. I expect to be my own sexton—to trim the lamps, and arrange the seats, and sweep out the car when necessary. I expect also to be my own organist very often."

The only possible criticism to which this journeying cathedral may be subject in common regard is indicated in this fine simplicity. The hope must prevail, nevertheless, that no detriment to the triumphant course of the institution is foreshadowed in its extremely simple form—in similitude with the plan of the new French court drawn up by M. de Rémusat at Bonaparte's request, of which, as he read it, the Emperor said, "There is not sufficient display in it; all that would not throw dust in people's eyes." No one can doubt that a wise bishop knows as clearly and comprehensively for what he has built as did ever a political sovereign. Although not without dignity and elegance, this novel type of cathedral will depend for popularity on its usefulness rather than on its stateliness. The work in connection is broadly planned. In arranging his tours the bishop will send placards ten days or two weeks in advance of his appearance at a place. These will be posted in the depot and in the post-office. By this means announcement will be made that the bishop will hold service at the village in the car, which will be switched upon a side track at a certain hour. The placard will also announce that he will be ready to administer holy baptism and the holy communion and confirmation; also that ordinary services of the Episcopal Church will be held, and a sermon preached.



THE CATHEDRAL CAR OF NORTH DAKOTA—INTERIOR VIEW.

A necessity for dealing with various material questions has been met with much success by this ingenious bishop, the first in the history of labors of apostolic origin to have invented anything of such distinctive character and practical importance to the progress of civilization as that of a plan for taking his cathedral with him when going forth to preach the gospel among men. The problem of locomotion was easily solved through the generosity of the railway companies, which cheerfully agreed to put a shoulder to the wheel by way of saving all ecclesiastical steam. The bishop was grateful for the assurance of being hauled from place to place behind a freight train. A remarkable travelling combination is thus formed, such as life on the earth has never hitherto developed. As the bishop readily perceived, the passenger express trains could not give the time to switch the cathedral, when a stop is to be made for services, on a side track.

The projector of the plan of this itinerary temple expects it to be exceedingly useful in the course undertaken, inasmuch as he will be able by this means to reach hundreds of families to whom otherwise he could not minister in sacred things. If able, as he hopes, to arrange for an additional use of this car, it will provide for occasional social gatherings of the people. He expects to bring with him at such times some musicians, who, at any little place selected, will furnish music for the entertainment of the hard-toiling farmers, who, the bishop finds, have little or nothing to relieve the dull, tread-mill monotony of their struggling, work-day life. "I have thought," he says, "that thus a ray of sunshine might from time to time be thrown in upon their dreary, trite life." These musical treats will be entirely free to the people. The car otherwise, as the inventor hopes, may be used occasionally for secular lectures. To this extent the bishop's plan is definitely outlined. Of his locomotive cathedral system the first idea was self-suggested. Until his plan was formulated, the suggestion of a possibility of any such arrangement had been unheard of so far as known by himself. From the conception of the idea he went manfully to work, with little waste in building castles in the air, albeit his cathedral is erected without terrestrial site. In the selection with which it unites inheritances perpetually transmitted from the genius of the architects of the first cathedrals, and from that of George Stephenson, it typifies the present largely dominant eclecticism. The modern epoch alone has made possible these desirable conditions, through which is fulfilled the command to go forth into all the world with spiritual truths.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE, AT CLEVELAND.

THE westward movement of people in the United States is characterized by the founding of colleges. The ebbing of the tide is no more sure of leaving deposits of the ocean's treasures on the beach than is the flowing of population to leave a college on the prairie or hill-side. The motives for such establishment vary. Colleges have sprung up out of the soil of wild religious excitement; colleges have had their origin in the determination of narrow denominational partisanship and aggrandizement; colleges have been known to be a component factor in a real-estate speculation, and even to have so intimate association with a single man as to necessitate the inference that their foundation was in the interest of personal vanity. But most colleges, be it said with all honor, have not had such an origin. Most colleges have been established with worthy aims, by worthy methods, and under worthy conditions.

When, in 1826, Western Reserve College was founded in northeastern Ohio, the population had already well covered its territory. The people had for more than a score of years been obliged to be content with an academy as affording the best advantages in education in that part of the State. Indeed at that time hardly twoscore colleges had been established in the whole country. Harvard had been in existence a hundred and ninety years; Yale, a hundred and twenty-five; Princeton, eighty; Columbia (King's), seventy-two; University of Pennsylvania, seventy-one; Dartmouth, fifty-seven; Rutgers, fifty-six. In the South, a State university had been begun in Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina; Virginia had its Hampden-Sydney, Washington and Lee, William and Mary, and its own university, then passing its seventh year. But these and other colleges, remote in distance and more remote in accessibility, were not able to fill the need of a college of northern Ohio. To a degree it is true, even in times of railroads, that every large community must have its own college, as it must have its own public schools. The college was therefore established, with those aims which have controlled in the foundation of every worthy college. These aims were, as they ever should be, that the people might have facilities for intellectual growth; that the bar might not lack a lawyer, or the bench a judge, or the legislature a law-maker, or the church a ministry. The motto inscribed on the shield of this new college, and still there borne, was "Christo et Ecclesiæ"—a motto which, if it is to be interpreted profoundly, was not to be interpreted narrowly, but broadly, standing for all those interests which the church and its Founder conserve. It is the same motto in which Harvard has gloried for its two hundred and fifty-four years.

The history of Western Reserve has not been till recent years conspicuous in many of those elements which some college trustees hold precious. It has been poor in funds; it has been poor in students; but it has been conspicuous in all scholarly interests and attainments. Older men recall that half a century ago it had what was called the finest faculty of any college on this side the Atlantic. The late Professor Loomis here began those mathematical and astronomical investigations which made the college better known, it has been said, in Europe than Yale itself, the college to which he gave the larger share of his long life. President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, was here Professor of Philosophy six years; Professor Henry N. Day taught here nineteen years; Charles A. Young, now of Princeton, taught mathematics and kindred subjects for a decade; Professor E. P. Barrows elucidated the Bible for a decade and a half; Professor Laurens P. Hickok, afterward so intimately associated with the greatest college president of the first half of this century—Dr. Nott, of Union—gave instruction in theology from 1836 to 1844. Here, too, for a brief period in his long and versatile and ever honorable career, was Paul A. Chadbourne. Clemens Long, too, who has been called the best teacher of philosophy of his time, was a member of the faculty for several years previous to 1852. Such men, together with others not less competent as students and teachers, constituted a faculty of incomparable excellence. Its Board of Trustees has also been conspicuous as members representative of the best interests of the community. Ex-President Hayes and Mr. John Hay are at present among its members.

For a quarter of a century a theological department was maintained, educating, wholly or in part, about a hundred ministers, but with the rise of distinct schools of divinity it was abandoned. In 1844 a medical school was opened, which has graduated about sixteen hundred physicians; and which, in Cleveland, located in an admirable building, built recently at a cost of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars, is continuing its work under most favorable conditions.

From 1826 to 1882 Western Reserve College was situated at Hudson, a characteristically beautiful college village, twenty-six miles east of Cleveland. But in the year 1882 it was removed to Cleveland. What part of a college is capable of removal? Not the dormitories nor recitation halls, with their generations of associations; not the old elms, beneath whose shadows hundreds of students have strolled; not the houses of the professors, nor the campus, nor the landscape. When one analyzes what part of a college can be transferred through space, he finds that many of the most precious elements are not capable of such material readjustment. But a citizen of Cleveland, Amasa Stone, having noble interests at heart, proposed to give the college a half-million in endowment on its removal to his city. He thus enrolled himself among that select company who have done the noblest for their fellowmen. The transfer was made. Though this magnificent increase of funds was urgently needed, and subsequent additions have likewise proved most opportune, yet in the transfer it proved for a brief time difficult to readjust the old work to the new physical conditions. But such difficulties the soothing influence of time and wisdom on the part of college officers tend to relieve and to heal. Such difficulties are removed. The college is now, it would seem, gathering up the rich treasures of prestige of its noble past, and is making them more worthy by even greater excellence in its present.

With this college for men is associated a college for women. No part of the West has a first-rate college for women and for women only. It has no Vassar, no Smith, no Wellesley. It is proposed to construct here a college for women which shall be as good as those institutions. Co-education has been the rule in the West. One and a great cause of the prevalence of co-education has been the poverty of colleges. But as the community becomes richer, colleges for women are sure of being established. The Cleveland College for Women, of Western Reserve University, is the first. It has, in fact, its own teachers, and in part, like the Harvard Annex and the Barnard College for women, the professors of Adelbert College; and already it has larger funds than either the Cambridge or the New York institution. A new recitation hall and a cottage are to be built at once.

Among the other parts of this one institution are a medical school, now approaching the close of its first half-century; a first-rate school of art; and a conservatory of music of great excellence. Most Western colleges are hampered by preparatory departments; many such institutions are, first, preparatory departments, and secondly, colleges. Western Reserve has two fitting schools associated with it, but they are removed in point of distance, one occupying the old college buildings at Hudson, and the other at Green Springs, Ohio. It is pleasant to note that the Western Reserve Academy at Hudson has sent boys to all the best colleges, but no one has ever failed to gain an entrance. It would seem that the great need of the West of excellent secondary schools is in the way of being filled.

The college and university have recently chosen a new president, Charles F. Thwing. His inauguration, it is announced, is to occur the first Wednesday in February (4th). Of him the excellent paper published by the students of the college prints in a recent issue the following sketch:

"President Charles F. Thwing, D.D., was born November 9, 1853, at New Sharon, Maine. He passed a considerable portion of his boyhood at Farmington, Maine, the home of Jacob Abbott, by whom the boy's talents were recognized, and who encouraged him to get an education, and to seek it in the best schools of New England. He went, accordingly, to Phillips Academy, at Andover, and thence, after a brilliant career, to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1876, having established a reputation as an able man, a laborious student, and a good friend. He stood among the very first of his class. He went immediately back to Andover, and here was soon recognized as one of the ablest men in the institution, and was enlisted by Professor Park in work which found its way subsequently into the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He began here also his career as a writer for the papers and magazines, and studied and wrote steadily in the department of college administration. He soon became a recognized authority in this branch, and was called upon to write the article upon "American Colleges" in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, the supplement to the *Britannica*. President Eliot said that he considered Mr. Thwing one of the best authorities upon college management in the country.

"After graduating at Andover, Mr. Thwing settled in the ministry at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he remained until about five years since, when called to Plymouth Church, Minneapolis. As a pastor he was able and successful, manifesting special talent as an organizer. His faithfulness to the minute details of parish administration was remarkable. His contributions to the press became more numerous. He was the author of several books. He was soon recognized as a leader among the young men of the Congregational denomination, and honors were heaped upon him beyond any young man in the vicinity of Boston. He was made, a short time before his removal to the West, a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board. He was also an editor of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He was made Doctor of Divinity by Chicago Theological Seminary. His position in the West has been equally remarkable with that at the East. He has received calls to a number of professorships and presidencies, such as at Iowa College, Kansas State University, etc. He is an editor of the Chicago *Advance*. His scholarly ability, his administrative talent, and his acquaintance and favor with the public are so great that Adelbert is to be highly congratulated upon the acquisition of such a president."

Western Reserve University now includes seven departments, manned by more than fifty teachers, enrolling eight hundred students, housed in a dozen different buildings, having libraries of about forty thousand volumes, and an endowment of more than a million dollars, the larger part of which has been received in the decade just closed. Its needs are, however, great. Like every college which seeks to do its duty to its constituency, it is poor. Its library needs funds; its admirable laboratories need a large and proper building; the prospect of the great increase of college students urges the erection of a new dormitory; its women's college needs more cottages, a noble recitation hall and one cottage being already provided for the women's college; its professorships need endowment; its general fund needs a large increase. The illustrations on page 84 suggest, so far as pictures of stone and brick can suggest anything as to the value of the agencies and methods of a college and university, some of the larger advantages which Western Reserve now offers. But the new president declares that in every new year a college should do better work than in any past year, and we may expect that the advantages of 1892 will be yet larger than those now provided.

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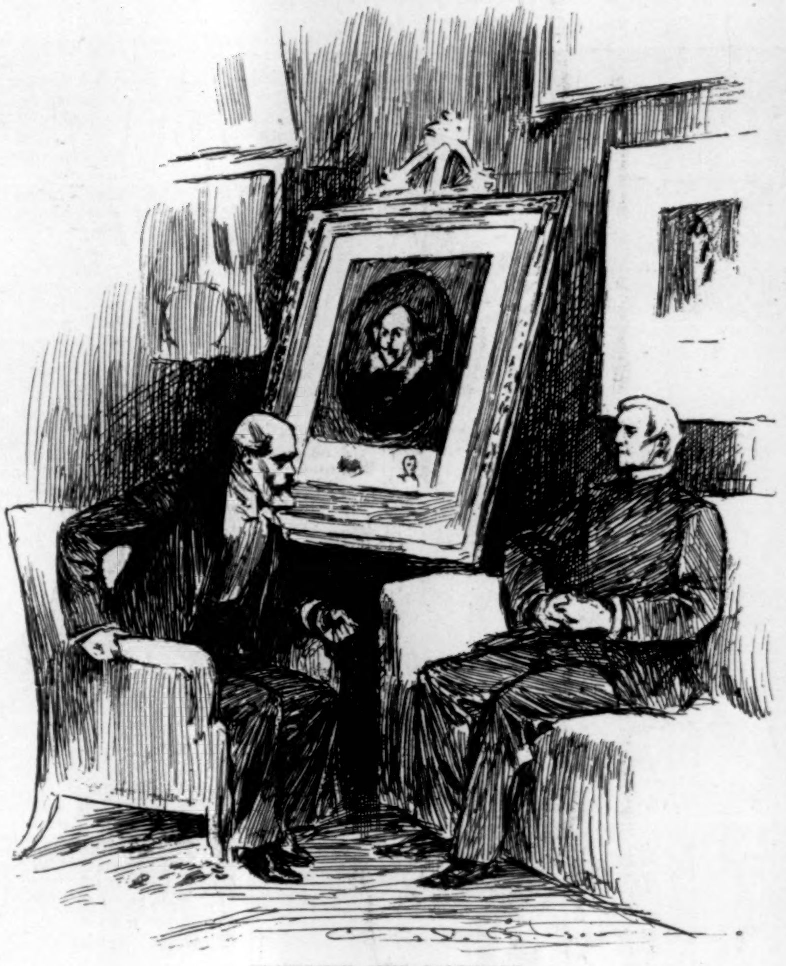


UNIVERSITY CLUB, BALTIMORE.

THE CLUBS OF WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE.

(*Continued from page 80, Supplement.*)

this Society on account of the Glorious Victory of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland over the Rebels, by drinking of Loyall Healths, Fireing of Cannon, and Great Demonstrations of Loyalty Was Shewn on that Happy Ocation by Numbers of Gentlemen then Present. Also a Handsome Dinner, &c., was found by Mr. John Brewer, one of the Present Members, at the Expense of the Society."

And so the ancestors of the men who have founded gun clubs, hunt clubs, and fishing clubs innumerable feasted and took their pleasure along the Patunxunt and the Gunpowder, and on the shores of the Chesapeake are the modest and comfortable homes of organizations founded and maintained by the descendants of those who loved "strong punch and sack," and who wrote their invitations for the dinner and for all manner of entertainments on the backs of playing-cards.

It seems a long cry from the days when the elegant company drank punch from a single bowl, or beer from a single tankard, to the more pretentious days after the Revolution; but while it may be as to certain small comforts and large luxuries of life, it is not as to the essential spirit of the race of hospitable men and beautiful women who have made Baltimore's charms famous the world over. Manners only became formal; men did not. Society acquired a code of law; hospitality knew no limitations. The rules and regulations dictated by etiquette were the same for Baltimore as for Philadelphia. The latter and larger city has always exerted a certain influence over its smaller neighbor. In the more modern day it has pushed its red brick and white marble houses into a town whose native taste is for far more picturesque and comfortable dwellings. Each town had its dancing assembly, and it was the custom of the times that a young man should dance with the same partner the evening through. On the following day it was his bounden duty to call on the young woman, and take tea at the home of her parents, when there was a brave display of silver and china.

In essential things, however, there was much difference between the society of the Southern town and that of any of the Northern cities. The social line between the North and the South may be said to be drawn at Baltimore. It was a city of caste, a city in which there was practically no white labor; in which there was a dominant society of cultivation, and the subservient slaves, white and black, were below the average in intelligence. What was said of Virginia by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt in the account of his travels through the United States in the years immediately following the adoption of the Constitution, might have been also written of Baltimore. It was this:

"In spite of the Virginian love for dissipation, the taste for reading is commoner there among men of the first class than in any other part of America; but the population is perhaps more ignorant there than elsewhere."

This is neither a strange nor an uncomplimentary observation. What the writer saw was a condition of things that was inevitable from the social organization that obtained in the South, and which is not even yet entirely overcome. "Men of the first class" in the North were money-getters; "men of the first class" in Virginia, in Baltimore, everywhere in the South, were money-spenders. The city of Baltimore was the chief town of the South. When Liancourt was here, in the last years of the eighteenth century, it was the third commercial city of the country, New York and Philadelphia only outranking it. For many years official enumerations have placed it near to Boston, but it is not so large as the New England metropolis if we consider the suburbs, which are the homes of the business and professional men of Boston. Nor is it in the least like Boston, except for its hospitality, which is even more generous, and certainly more catholic, than that of the Northern town. Not, be it understood, that Boston hospitality is to be in the least depreciated; but the hospitality of Baltimore asks very few questions, and observes very few of the formalities of etiquette.

Club life in Baltimore began somewhat late. There was, perhaps, little need of clubs until the city attained to the inevitable period of urban existence where there are well-defined uptown and down-town districts. The old Baltimore Club, founded in the forties, was housed in the neighborhood of Battle Monument, near to a famous hostelry, where the cooking was of the most admirable character. From this organization grew the Maryland Club, one of the famous institutions of its kind in the country.

There are certain social and quasi-public institutions which are standards. You may have known all that they have to impart to you, but if you do not know them, all your experiences acquired elsewhere count for nothing. If you have not eaten terrapin or duck or tasted rye whiskey at the Maryland Club, if you have not been the guest of the Baltimorean in this home of his, you may possibly know all these delights, but you cannot be absolutely sure. You may indeed find these perfect products elsewhere, but you may likewise be deceived, and there is no doubt of what you find at the Maryland Club.

It is rightly named, for it is the club of the State. Baltimore is essentially the city of Maryland. The country gentleman who maintains his ancestral home, who raises horses and cattle and grows crops, following the fashion of those who have gone before him, has his club in the city, and comes to the town for its social life as well as to transact his business. In the comfortable old parlors of the club—parlors which will be only a memory in a few months—you will find not only the Baltimorean who drops in for a chat after business in the afternoon, or for dinner, or for his evening amusement, but the Marylander who has inherited the keen zest of the early settlers for the sports of the field and forest, and who is content with merely an occasional dash of city enjoyments in his wholesome existence.

There is no club precisely like this in any city north of Baltimore. There is no club so distinctly Southern in Washington. It is difficult to get well-trained black servants, but the Maryland Club succeeds, and there is no quieter or better service to be found anywhere. There is a certain air of sociability and comradeship in this club and its fellows in Baltimore which is purely American, and which is unfortunately disappearing from the clubs of the larger cities, where it is too much the habit to consider good form English form. One of the charms of the American man has been his good-nature, his unselfish regard for the comfort of others, his love of comradeship, his assumption that his neighbor is entitled to his confidence, and it is to be sincerely regretted that many of our gilded youth are acquiring the British vice which compels a man, as soon as he is thrown in contact with another, to put himself on his guard lest his sacred isolation should be intruded upon. Although the stony British stare is a frequenter of several of our New York clubs, it would be difficult to discover it in the hearty and genial Maryland. You will find instead an elegant and graceful courtesy, which comes down to our material age from the chivalric times that are not yet forgotten in Maryland; and that high-bred dignity which marks a very thin crust of reserve over very warm and easily awakened sympathies soon dissolves into a most delightfully respectful familiarity; and when you have reached that point with the Baltimorean, his home is yours so long as you continue to deserve his confidence.

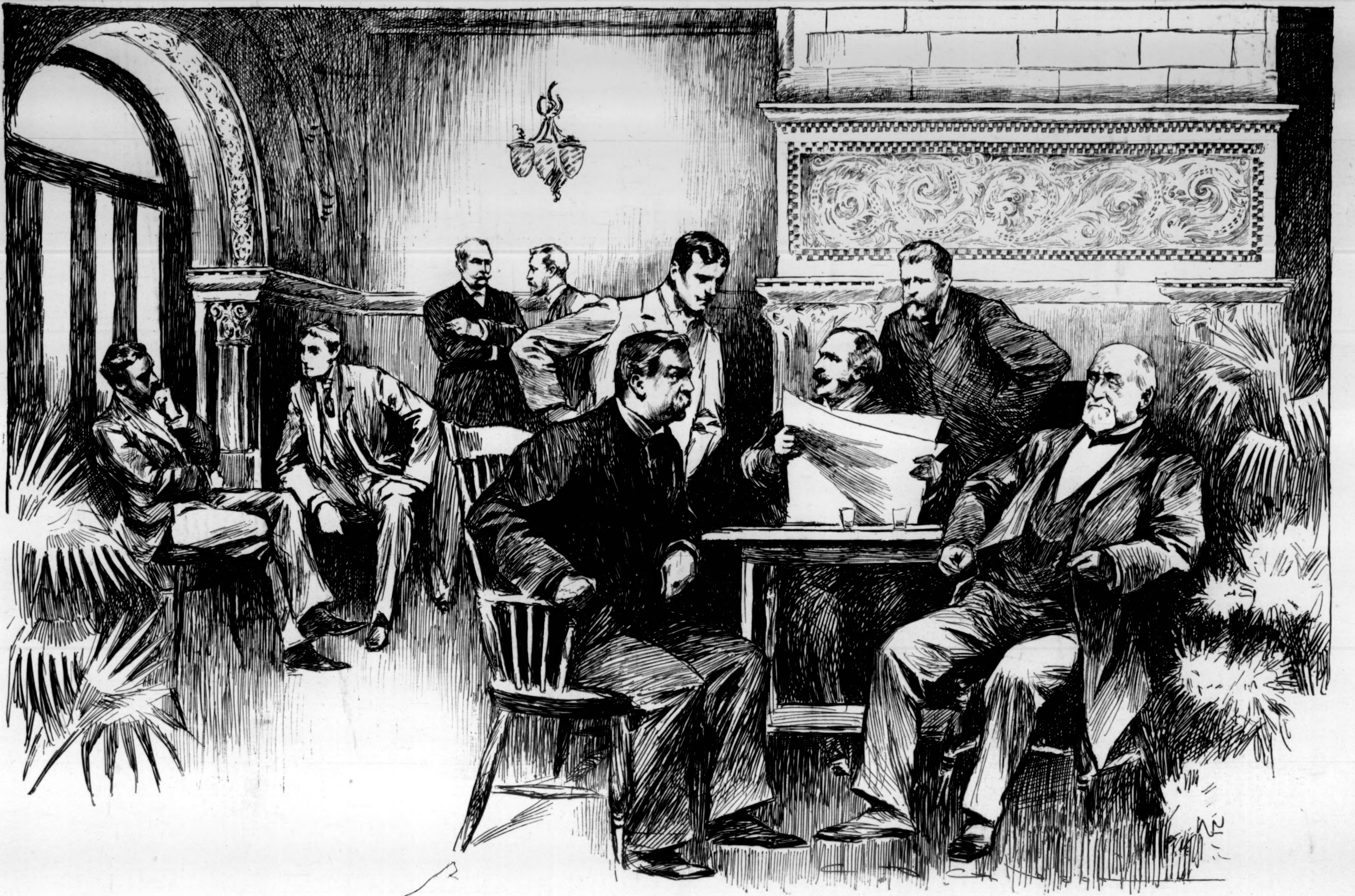
Gradually the business affairs of the city, like all business affairs, like all the disagreeable but essential features of our developing civilization, have encroached upon the old club-house on the corner of Cathedral and Franklin streets, and as domesticity and society are ever fleeing before trade, so the Maryland Club is moving up town. Its new home, which will be completed in a year or so, is a veritable palace of white marble. There is no club-house in New York with such a façade as that of the Maryland's new house. Its shining stones are undressed, and in no long time will be toned down to the pleasant drab which makes the Washington Monument and the Peabody Building so delightful to the eye. What the interior will be is so dependent upon the taste of those in charge of the decoration and furnishing that it cannot well be foreshadowed, but if it be in keeping with the character of the club, it will be suggestive of all that is generous and comfortable in hospitality, and no one who has even the slightest acquaintance with the old club-house can entertain a doubt as to what the result will be.

A block away from the present Maryland Club house is the Athenæum. This organization has the old Union for its foundation, the Union being one of the chain of clubs of which the Union Leagues of New York and Philadelphia are examples. Political feeling ran high in Baltimore at the beginning of the war, and while the sympathies of the people were chiefly with the South, there were many Union men in Maryland besides the shrewd New-Englanders, who had made their way to the town to share in its great cotton, tobacco, and coffee trade. The disturbances crept into society and into the Maryland Club. Some of the leading men of the city joined the Union. The political character of the club, however, could not be maintained. It was transformed into an art and literary club, and its name was changed to the Athenæum. There is a good deal of artistic and literary taste in Baltimore, which rejoices in admirable examples of Barye in Monument Square, and in one of the fullest and most judiciously selected private picture-galleries in the country. Now, as when Liancourt wrote of his travels, there is much reading done in the South, and if any one is sceptical on this point, let him inquire as to the treasures of Southern libraries that have been picked up in old book-stores since the war. The Athenæum Club has greatly flourished, and its house is one of those roomy and comfortable mansions which Baltimoreans constructed when they built more with reference to their genial climate than to the architectural ideas and eccentricities that controlled the builders of London in the seventeenth century, and that are now overpowering their imitators of the nineteenth.

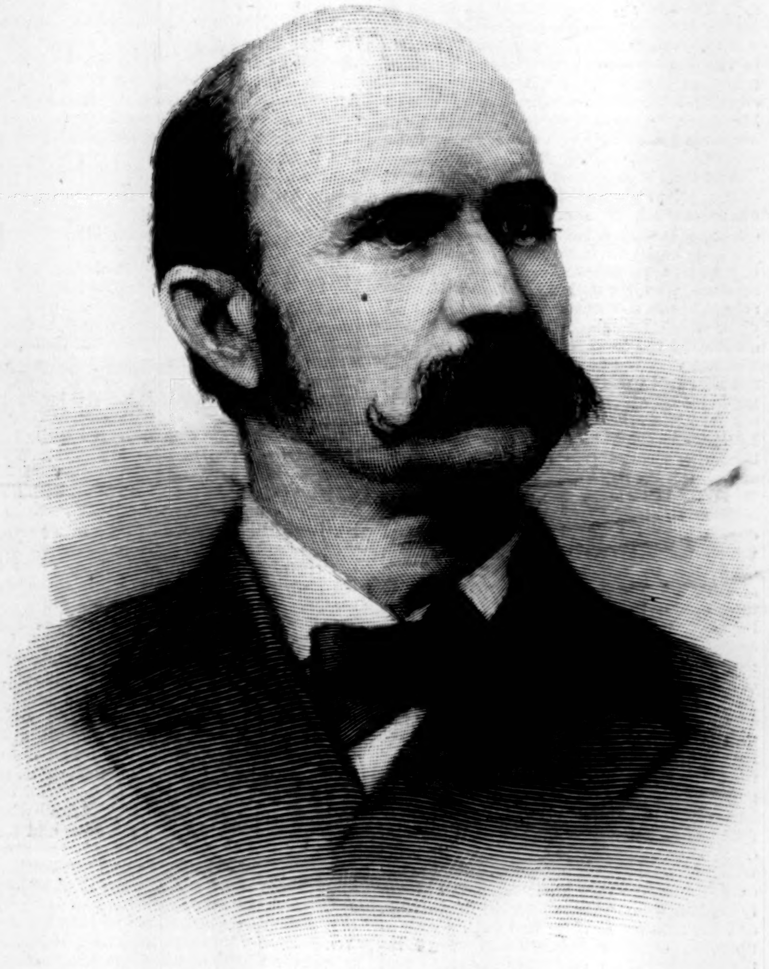
In the course of time youthful Baltimore found the Maryland Club growing a little too old and too sedate for it. It wanted a place of its own. The "governor" remained a club-man notwithstanding his white hairs, and the boy longed for the privilege of a club which should not be quite such a family affair. Therefore the Baltimore Club was founded. Its handsome brownstone, very modern house is on Charles Street, diagonally opposite the Maryland Club's new building. It is to the older organization what the Calumet is to the Union, or the Rittenhouse to the Philadelphia.

The Johns Hopkins University has made a strong impression on Baltimore, and has brought to the city an important scientific and pedagogic element. It has added perceptibly to the number of college-bred men, and to meet their social requirements there is a University Club, small but exceedingly pleasant, and having stated reunions, after the fashion of the New York Century.

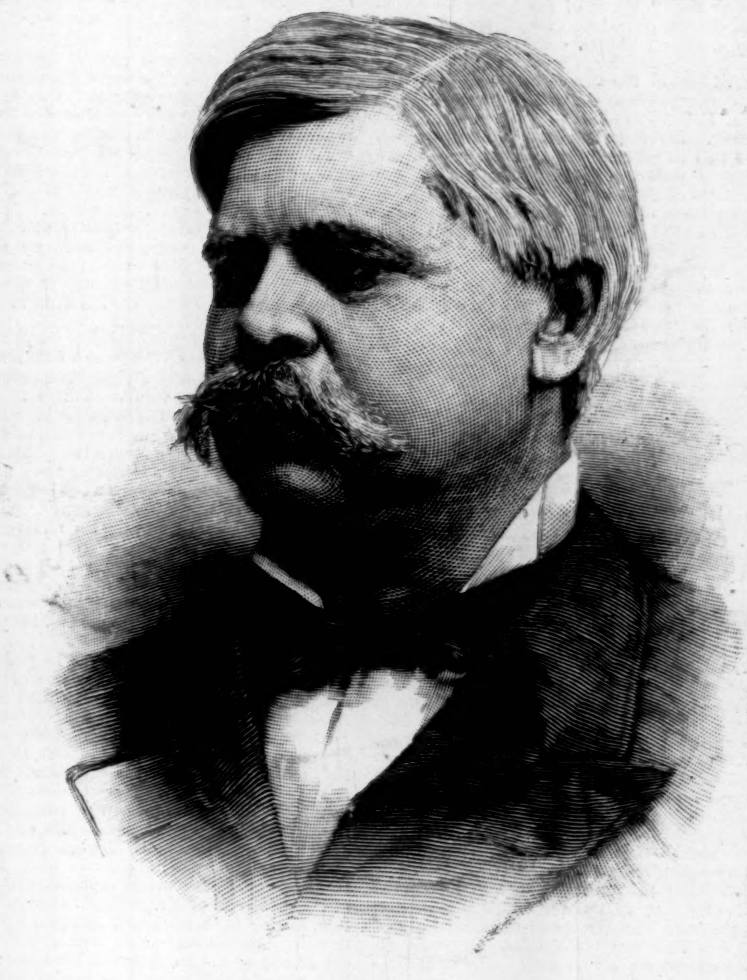
Of course there is a Country Club. Life in Maryland would be nothing without a touch of the country. Somewhat like Boston's Country Club is that of Baltimore, for the house is often the objective point of a pleasant ride, and there is much feasting and dancing going on within its walls.



THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn by C. D. Gibson.—[See Supplement.]



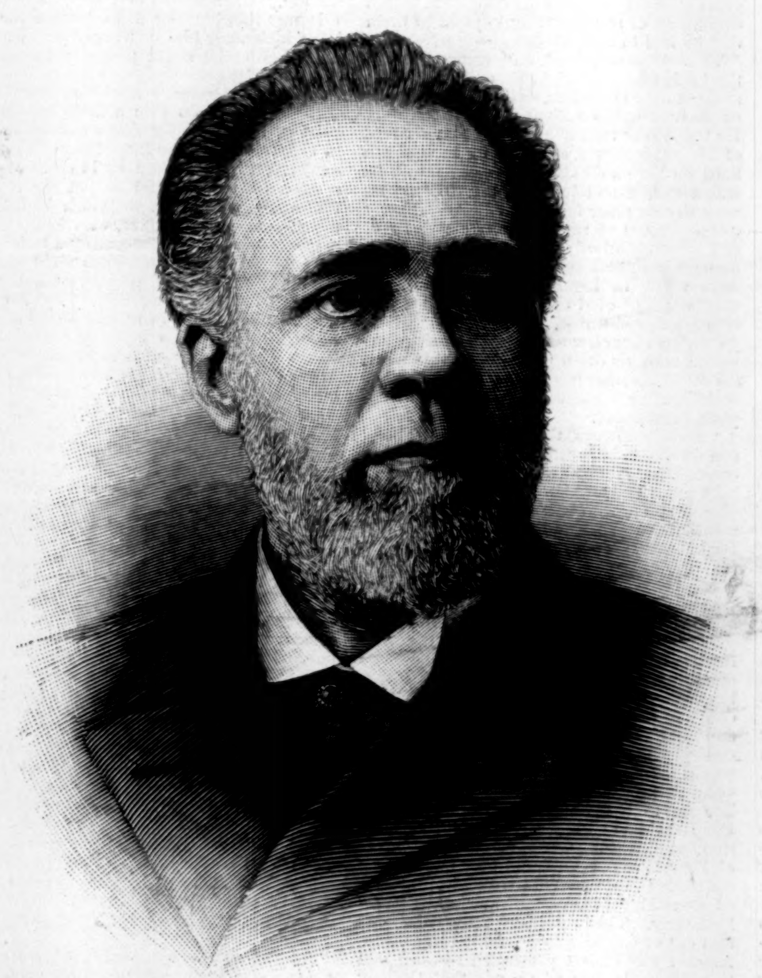
SENATOR-ELECT DAVID B. HILL, OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Sarony.



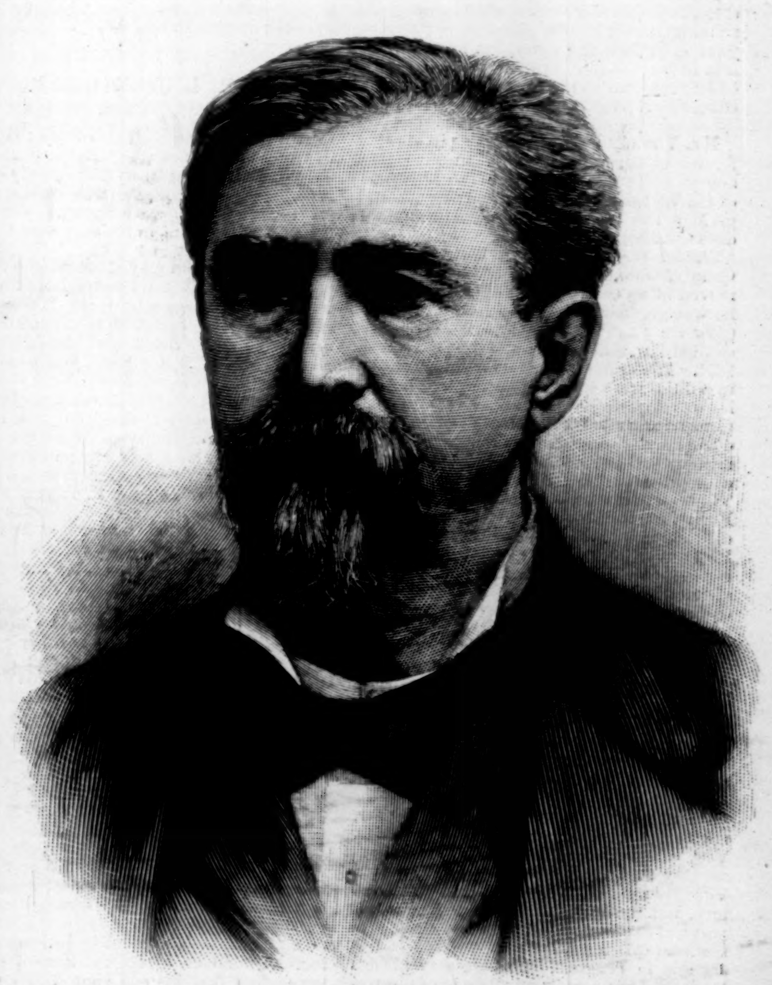
SENATOR Z. B. VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

David Bennett Hill, of Elmira, twenty-eighth Governor of the State of New York under the Constitution, who on the 21st inst. was elected United States Senator to succeed William Maxwell Evarts, whose term will expire on March 4th next, was born at Havana, Schuyler County, then Chemung, August 29, 1843. He is descended from sturdy New England stock. His education was confined to the schools of his native town and to the law office of Gabriel L. Smith, of Elmira, to which city Hill removed in 1863, and where, one year later, he was admitted to the bar. He had been brought up in the Democratic faith, and at the age of eight had published a Democratic newspaper, and at seventeen had delivered his first political speech. His first vote was cast for General McClellan for President. Shortly after his admission to the bar Judge Smith took him into partnership, the firm continuing down to 1874. When Mr. Hill was first elected to the Assembly, in 1870, he had won his spurs as a ward worker, and during his second term he attracted the attention of Samuel J Tilden, to whose political methods he was gradually attracted, and with whose political fortunes he was ever after allied. In 1875 Governor Tilden offered him the appointment of member of the Constitutional Commission to provide charters for cities; but the compliment was declined for professional reasons. In 1878 the Common Council of Elmira elected him City Attorney, and about the same time was formed the law firm of Hill & Stanchfield, to which was admitted subsequently the late William L. Muller. In 1881 Mr. Hill was elected Alderman, and in the spring of 1882 Mayor of Elmira. He had become recognized by this time as one of the shrewdest political wire-pullers of the southern tier, and in the summer of '82 became a formidable candidate for Governor; but in the Syracuse Convention Grover Cleveland carried off the nomination on the third ballot, Mr. Hill receiving the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor by acclamation. The ticket, called "the Mayors' ticket," because of the fact that each candidate was the Mayor of his city, was unprecedentedly successful, Mr. Cleveland receiving a majority of 192,854, Mr. Hill of 196,781; but on the total vote cast the latter fell 682 below that of Mr. Cleveland. During Mr. Hill's term



SENATOR HENRY M. TELLER, OF COLORADO.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



SENATOR D. W. VOORHEES, OF INDIANA.—From a Photograph by Bell Washington.

as presiding officer of the Senate he established the precedent of making a quorum by counting members as present and not voting. After Mr. Cleveland's election as President of the United States in 1884, and his resignation as Governor January 6, 1885, Mr. Hill succeeded to the Gubernatorial chair. Before he had been in office a month he had in process of formation one of the largest personal political machines in the history of the State. By its means he obtained the nomination for Governor in the fall of 1885. His ticket was elected by a plurality of 11,000. During his term of office he devoted himself to building up his party and strengthening his machine. No Governor of the State of New York has travelled more extensively while holding this office than Governor Hill. In 1886, '87, '88, and '89 he spent the greater part of the month of September in visiting county fairs and making addresses to the farmer. In 1886 he visited Concord (New Hampshire) and Boston. During the Presidential campaign of 1888 he delivered several speeches in Indiana. A year later he made a tour of the Southern States. Last fall he stumped Ohio, Connecticut, and West Virginia. This summer he contemplates making a trip to the Pacific coast. Mr. Hill is not married.

MR. VANCE'S re-election at this time is especially interesting, in view of the part taken in it by the Farmers' Alliance. The Alliance has captured the Democratic organization in North Carolina, and a very large majority of the present members of the Legislature are members of the farmers' organization. It was Mr. Vance who introduced the Sub-Treasury bill into the Fifty-first Congress. Afterward he expressed doubts as to its constitutionality, and the Alliance served notice upon him that unless he would promise to support the bill he should not be re-elected. Apparently an understanding—at least a *modus vivendi*—has been reached, and his constitutional objections have been overcome.

Zebulon B. Vance was born in Buncombe County, May 13, 1830; attended Washington College in Tennessee, and the University of North Carolina; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He went into politics at once, and was elected County Attorney the same year he was admitted to the bar. He was elected a Representative in Congress, and served two terms, until the breaking out of the war. In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate army as a Captain, and was promoted the same year to be Colonel. In August, 1862, he was elected Governor of his State, and re-elected in 1864. In 1870 he was chosen United States Senator by the State Legislature, but as his legal disabilities for taking part in the war of secession had not yet been removed, he was refused admission. In 1872 he was again a candidate for the Senatorship, but was defeated. A third time he was elected Governor of the State in 1876; and in 1879 he at last took his seat in the Senate at Washington, where he has since remained.

Mr. Vance is a ready speaker, quick at repartee, full of good stories, and an adept in running debate, in which his long practice in joint canvasses and stumping tours stands him in good stead. He is popular with his colleagues, and a general favorite with all classes in North Carolina.

MR. VOORHEES is one of the picturesque figures of the Senate. Nicknames are not always well applied, but "the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" seems to be one that fits, and perhaps the Terre Haute statesman himself does not altogether dislike it.

Daniel W. Voorhees was born in Butler County, Ohio, September 26, 1827, but removed at an early age to Indiana. In 1849 he was graduated from the Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) University. Afterward he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. His oratorical talents and his interest in politics were early developed, and in 1858 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Indiana, and remained in office during Mr. Buchanan's administration. Immediately afterward he entered Congress as a Representative, and served through the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses, his district being pretty steadily Democratic. He ran for Representative in the Forty-fifth Congress also, but suffered defeat. Soon afterward, however, he was appointed by the Governor to fill the seat in the Senate that had been made vacant by the death of Mr. Morton, and took his seat November 12, 1877. The Legislature ratified the Governor's choice, and this is his third re-election.

Mr. Voorhees is large in frame and impressive in manner. As a stump-speaker he has few equals. His name has been "mentioned" more than once as a possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket.

AMONG the Senators re-elected this year, not the least in influence and ability is Mr. Vest, of Missouri. The Senator from Kansas City may not be quite the equal of Mr. Vance in repartee or of Mr. Voorhees in oratory, but he is perhaps more useful to his party in the Senate than either of those gentlemen. When a contest of physical endurance is in progress, Mr. Vest may always be depended upon, and he is one of the recognized leaders of the minority.

George Graham Vest was born at Frankfort, Kentucky, December 6, 1830. He was graduated at the age of eighteen at Centre College, and five years later from the law department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, in the same State. In 1853 he removed to Missouri, and entered upon the practice of the law. He was a Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket in 1860, and a member of the Missouri House of Representatives in 1860–1. When the war broke out he cast in his fortunes with the Confederacy, and was a member of the Confederate Congress for three years—two years as Representative and one year as Senator. After the war he practised his profession and took part in political campaigns until he was elected a United States Senator to succeed James Shields, and took his seat at Washington March 18, 1879. He has been in the Senate ever since that time.

THE Legislature of the State of Colorado was in a divided and almost disorganized condition when the vote on United States Senator was taken, but Henry M. Teller had a majority of the votes in the Senate and in both the rival houses, so there is no shadow on his title, and he is apparently the unanimous choice of the Republicans of his State.

Mr. Teller was born in Alleghany County, New York, May 23, 1830. He received a common-school education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1858 he removed to Illinois, but staid there only three years, going to Colorado in 1861, where he has since remained in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Teller was not prominent in politics until 1876, when he was chosen one of the first Senators from the new State, and was re-elected almost immediately, on December 11th, for the term ending March 4, 1883. He served in the Senate until—April 17, 1882—he was appointed by President Arthur Secretary of the Interior. His administration of this department was generally recognized as exceedingly able and business-like, and his special knowledge of the Western country, and his sympathy with Western ideas and feelings, made his services especially valuable. At the end of Mr. Arthur's administration, having been re-elected by the Legislature, he took his seat again immediately in the Senate as the successor of Nathaniel P. Hill, whose appointment as Commissioner to the International Money Conference by President Harrison has recently created such a stir.

Senator Teller is not a brilliant orator, like his colleague, Mr. Wolcott, but he is a hard worker, a diligent student, and is recognized as an authority on many special subjects. He is, of course, a "silver man," as everybody is in Colorado, but he is not as extreme in his advocacy of free coinage as some of his colleagues. Although a Republican, Mr. Teller's independence of character has more than once caused him to disobey caucus dictation. He is not an advocate of the federal elections bill, although he bases his opposition to it rather on the ground of expediency than because he does not favor the principle of it. Mr. Teller's rather tall, spare figure is one of the best known in the Senate, and there is seldom a roll-call on which he is not recorded as present and voting.

THE LITTLE CHAP.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

THE Little Chap had been humored from the time he was born, but then he was such a fascinating Little Chap that nobody could help humoring him. He was stubborn, he was headstrong, he was naughty, if you like, the Little Chap; but in his very naughtiness there was something really captivating which won your heart, but played the mischief with your dignity. When he stood before you with his legs far apart, his hands in the pockets of his much-patched trousers, and the magnitude of his defiance so out of proportion to that of his tiny body, you were altogether at a disadvantage, and I am not sure but that the Little Chap in the innocent slyness of his heart felt that you were at his mercy. A little patched cherub like him, with tousled blond hair and an enormous sense of his own importance, would have been no mean antagonist to Hercules himself; and, what is more, so secure was he in the consciousness of his valor that he would not have been afraid to tackle Hercules.

The Little Chap's father, Amund Myra, was a carpenter by trade, and lived in one of the loneliest mountain valleys of Norway. His wife, Kari, had presented him with five daughters before it occurred to her to present him with a son, and his joy at the last arrival had only been equalled by his disgust at the five previous ones. The Little Chap took instant possession of his father's heart, which had been kept purposely vacant for his reception. When the nurse brought him on the evening of his arrival upon a pillow, and placed him across Amund's knees, the carpenter freely forgave his wife her five past delinquencies in consideration of the Little Chap. For this was not the usual infantile vegetable that simply fed and slept. It was a quaint and sturdy little personality, that took in the world, his father included, with a slow, wondering gaze, and seemed to do a vast deal of profound and solemn thinking. Amund could not rid himself of the impression that his son viewed him rather critically, as if he were debating with himself whether, on the whole, he liked his appearance and found him a fairly satisfactory parent. He was very much afraid that he did not come up to the Little Chap's standard; he was absurdly anxious to make as favorable an impression as possible. There was something peculiarly wise and venerable in the Little Chap's aspect as he lay there upon the pillow. "What tremendous secrets that Little Chap must know," mused his father, "if he only chose to divulge them—secrets of the sun and the moon and the great unknown from whence he came!"

And thus it happened that from the hour of his arrival the Little Chap came to be regarded as a person of tremendous consequence. It was impressed upon him from the time he lay in the cradle that he was a boy, and that a boy was a superior kind of creature, who had nothing except certain accidental points of anatomy in common with girls, which latter species had been wisely created by the Lord to wait upon him. He was not very big before Amund, who could not bear to be separated from him, got into the habit of taking him along when he went out into the valley to do a job. There the Little Chap would sit proudly perched upon his father's shoulder, bundled up in scarfs, and with a fur cap that was much too big for him pulled down over his ears. He was not a talkative child; but there was a slow and old-fashioned kind of gravity about him which made everything he said infinitely droll. He took himself very seriously, and allowed no trifling with his dignity. He took much satisfaction in the thought that he was helping his father; and Amund rather encouraged the idea, giving him a hammer with which he pounded nails into a piece of board, and occasionally mashed his fingers. And all day long, while the carpenter worked, whether in-doors or out-of-doors, the Little Chap bustled about him, sat in the shavings whittling sticks, or chipped the edge of the plane by running it into the heads of the nails, which he drove in wherever a convenient place presented itself. But whatever mischief he got into, whatever tools he ruined, Amund regarded it only as a fair price which he paid for his company. And never once did he scold the Little Chap, but gravely explained to him why he must not do such and such things, as if he had been a grown-up man. And the Little Chap would listen gravely, with a quivering underlip; and when the kindly homily was at an end, he would lie very still, with his head buried in the shavings, feeling terribly humiliated at the thought of his delinquency. The next day, when Amund started out, carrying his tools in a bag on his back, the Little Chap would meet him at the door, and with a dubious and anxiously expectant look would ask,

"May I help you to-day, dad?"

"Yes, Little Chap, you shall help me to-day," Amund would answer, heartily, as he lifted him up on his shoulder. "How could dad get along without his Little Chap?"

Many a time, too, when his comrades whistled for him under the window, and he was sorely tempted to accept the invitation to join in their games, the thought would occur to him that his dad needed his help; and gravely he would go to the door, and, with a droll sense of responsibility, explain to them that he had to help his dad.

Thus winters passed, and summers, until the Little Chap was eight years old. He tyrannized over his sisters, as usual, and accepted their worship as nothing but his due. He was a sore trial to his mother on account of his stubbornness, and because he was "so hard on his clothes." But to his father he was a stanch and loyal friend; I could almost say an older friend, for he began early to feel a kind of responsibility for Amund, and a droll kind of protectorship. He made him go back and put on his coat when he started out in his shirt sleeves in chilly weather; he would send him back to shave, of a Sunday morning, when he proposed to go to church with a two days' beard; and he would take his dad's part at the table when (as sometimes happened) the mother would scold him or make unpleasant remarks implying disrespect.

"Mother always thinks that everybody can do things better than my dad," he would observe, in his slow drawl, when his dad had been unlucky enough to arouse his wife's displeasure; and straightway dad would feel a little horny paw under the table grasping for his own. That was his way of consoling his dad.

He believed fully that his dad was the wisest, the cleverest, and the best of men; and however unworthy he might feel himself, what comfort, what happiness it was to this poor overworked carpenter to have one creature on earth who reposed this touchingly unquestioning trust in him! What "my dad" said, that was law; and what "my dad" did was always admirable; and though dad was conscious of many a failing, he would not for the life of him have the Little Chap suspect them. He strove manfully to live up to the Little Chap's idea of him. People said he spoiled the boy; and the mother, particularly, who was a trifle jealous of their intimacy, declared that it was time the Little Chap was sent to school, and learned something besides whittling and cutting his fingers. This seemed so perfectly rational that out of consideration for the Little Chap, Amund was at last persuaded to send him to school. It was of no use that the boy wept, and declared that he wanted to be with his dad. How was his dad to get on without his help? What would become of dad if he did not look out for him? This idea that he was helping dad had become so rooted in his mind that he harped upon it early and late, and grieved himself thin and pale for fear that his dad might come to harm without him.

Somehow, life was no more the same to Amund, after his loss of the Little Chap's companionship. There was no joy any more in his work; and it seemed too that his luck had deserted him. Once he ran a file, the handle of which broke, into his hand, and another time he nearly split his kneepan with an adze. Then he was laid up for three weeks. Provisions ran very low in the house. Kari, his wife, began to talk about applying for help to the guardians of the poor. It was then the plan matured in Amund's mind to cross the ocean and begin life over again in the New World, where a man of his skill certainly could accomplish something more than to keep out of the poorhouse.

Accordingly, though it nearly broke his heart to part from the Little Chap, he crossed the Atlantic, promising to send for the family as soon as he had founded a home for them in the great West. He begged hard to be allowed to take the Little Chap with him, but Kari would not listen to that, because to her the Little Chap was a kind of a pawn, a guarantee that her husband meant to keep his word, and send for her and the undesirable girls as soon as his circumstances warranted. Her conscience was not quite easy in regard to her treatment of him, and she could afford to take no chances.

Amund arrived in Chicago at a time when skilled carpenters were scarce and wages high. There was a great deal of building going on, and he had no difficulty in obtaining work. He was a master in his trade, thoroughly honorable, frugal, and industrious. It is not to be denied, however, that life is a dreary affair to one who toils and toils from morning till night, and whose starved heart cries out every hour and minute of the day for one who is far away. Where is the Little Chap now? What is the Little Chap doing now? How does he look? Does he care so much for his dad as he did; and is he as eager as ever to help his dad? These were Amund's constant reflections whenever a little respite from labor afforded him a chance to think. Sitting with his dinner-pail, leaning against his work-bench, he would shut his eyes and fancy he saw the Little Chap standing before him, with his grimy little fists in his patched trousers, and his tousled yellow head a little on one side as he looked up into his dad's face and said, "How would you ever get on without me, dad?" Or he would lose himself in the thought of the oft-repeated scene at the dinner table, when the little chap stood up for his dad so manfully, and the little hand, with its sweetly comforting touch, stole into his under the table. And then the tears would gather in his eyes and roll slowly down his cheeks, leaving a grimy track like that of a rain-drop on a dusty window-pane.

"My Little Chap, my dear Little Chap," he would murmur, as he arose and returned to his toil, "when shall I ever see you again?"

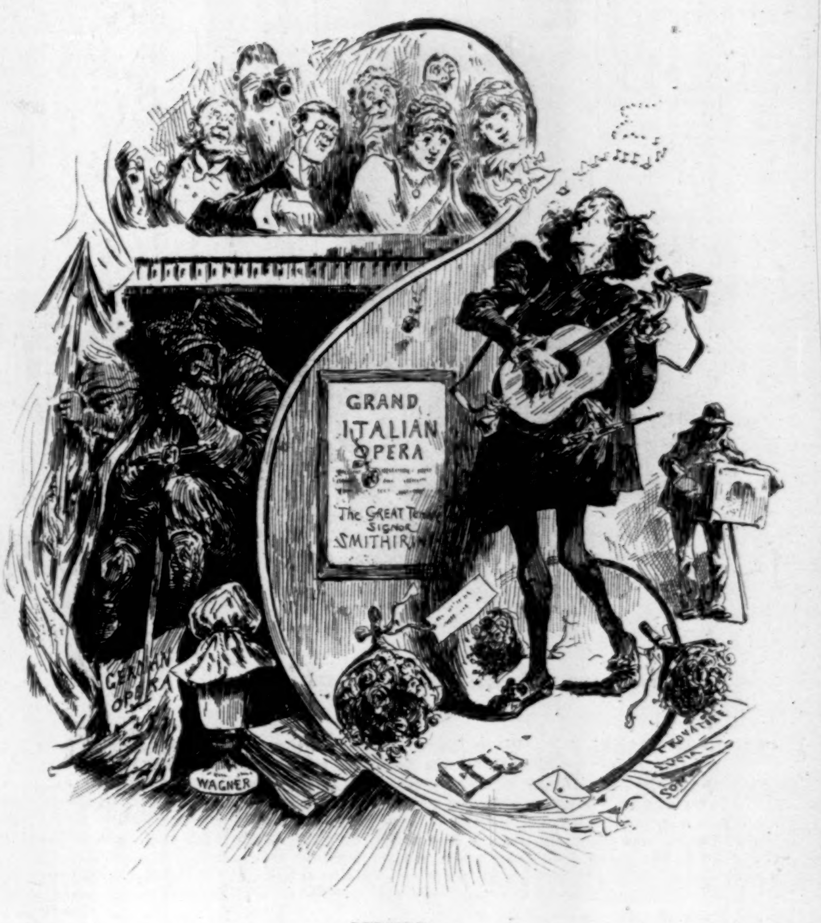
It was this burning heart-hunger for his boy which made him turn every penny many times before he could persuade himself to spend it. He grew positively stingy, denying himself the necessary food and clothes, always trying to do with a little less, in the hope of hastening the day when he should be able to send for the Little Chap. He worked surreptitiously after time in order to earn some extra pennies, and he got the reputation among his fellow-workmen of being a mean, penurious skinflint, who hoarded his wages with a view to becoming a boss some day and lording it over them. He was accordingly excessively unpopular, and only succeeded in escaping injury by keeping scrupulously out of every one's way, and ignoring insults which made his blood boil. Fearless as he was, and tremendously strong, he could have ground his assailants to powder, and often itched in every nerve to show them the stuff he was made of. But that would lead to difficulties and expense, and retard the day of the Little Chap's arrival.

At the end of one year Amund had saved $550 from his wages, but having no confidence in the banks, he carried the entire amount in gold eagles in a leather belt about his waist. The consciousness of carrying so much money made him, however, very uneasy, and disturbed his sleep. Four or five times every night he started up in terror, having dreamed that his money was stolen. It then occurred to him that the only safe way to dispose of it would be to invest it in a cottage and lot on the west side, where land was yet cheap. Land could not run away, and a house not even the most daring thief could steal. Distrusting every one in this bewilderingly strange land, he was in no haste to solicit advice. But one day an advertisement in a Scandinavian paper caught his eye and set him thinking. It read as follows:

"THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

"The Fenston Real-estate Investment Company sell choice City Lots, improved and unimproved, on the Instalment Plan. West Side Property a Specialty."

Amund cut this out, read it at least twenty times a day, and carried it in his pocket for weeks, before he summoned courage to call at the address designated. But his hoard kept increasing week by week, and his anxiety grew apace. Why should he not call



DEPOSED.

"My turn now. Lum-ti-tum—Tiddle-tum-dee."

upon the Fenston Real-estate Investment Company? It was the poor man's friend, the advertisement said, and might offer him some good advice as to the best way of acquiring a home in the shortest possible time; for he was growing eagerer every day for the sight of the Little Chap. A burning unrest possessed him, a half-superstitious fear lest something should happen to prevent the ardently desired meeting.

Finally, one day in the early spring, he called upon the Fenston Real-estate Investment Company. He had fancied from the advertisement something very complicated and magnificent, and was somewhat disappointed at being confronted with a sandy-haired and very pimpled young man, who sat in his shirt sleeves in a scantily furnished back office, chewing a toothpick.

"Is this—the—the—office of the Fenston Real-estate Investment Company?" queried Amund, respectfully.

"Yes," the young man replied, taking his feet down from the table. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I—should like to see the—the—president of the company, if—if—you would be so very kind as to call him," Amund remarked, apologetically.

"I regret to say the president is out of town at present," said the plausible youth; "but won't you sit down, please? I think, perhaps, I can give you all the information you require; and I need not say I shall be very happy if I can be of service to you."

There was something so insinuating in the young fellow's manner that Amund, though he had resolved to be very cautious, soon found himself talking freely with him.

The next day the young man—Farley was his name—dropped in upon him, by pure chance, it seemed, while he was having his noon rest; and they became better acquainted. The following Sunday they met again; and Farley took Amund about in a buggy, and showed him all the property he had for sale on the west side. He invited him to lunch with him in his little cottage on West Indiana Street, where he was living; and the upshot of many interviews and conversations was that he offered to sell this cottage, with lot, to Amund for $2000, possession to be granted when $1200 had been paid, and a mortgage to be given for the remaining amount. It seemed all so perfectly fair and square that Amund, after having got the price down to $1800 and the furniture thrown in, had no hesitation in closing the bargain. He paid over to Farley the $800 which he had then accumulated, and received an acknowledgment of the amount from him, with promise of deed on payment of $400 more.

Then he picked out the room which was to belong to the Little Chap (the girls might take what was left); and all day long, during his work, he hummed to himself or broke into snatches of unmelodious song at the thought of the Little Chap's pleasure in that room, and the furniture which he would make with his own hands for the Little Chap's comfort. He worked with a will now, and would scarcely grant himself time for sleep; for every blow with his hammer and every whiz of his saw brought the Little Chap nearer.

Then another year passed. Month by month Amund handed over his savings to Farley, who pocketed them in a cool, business-like manner; and at last, when the $1200 had been paid, he kept his word, and gave a deed of the property to the carpenter. Joyously then Amund wrote to his wife, telling her to make no delay in coming, for he had now a home of his own in which to receive her and the children. And it was all furnished, and there was a separate room for the Little Chap—God bless him!—where he could keep all his funny little traps, so that his sisters wouldn't annoy him. Much he wrote in this strain, for his heart was overbrimming with joy, and life seemed brighter and more beautiful to him than ever before. The only thing that troubled him a little was the fact that the family who lived in the house had not yet moved out. But Farley explained that their lease did not expire until April 1st, and that in the mean while he would have to be patient. On April 2d they would be gone, and then he could take possession.

I shall not attempt to describe the meeting between the Little Chap and his dad. It was just the 2d of April when the family arrived in Chicago, and were put, like so much baggage, into an express wagon and driven to West Indiana Street. Amund ran up the front steps with the Little Chap in his arms to show off his cottage; and the wife and the five girls, all bundled up with scarfs and kerchiefs until they looked like walking haystacks, scrambled out of the wagon as best they could. Farley had promised to be there with the keys, and formally put the new owner in possession. It annoyed Amund a good deal when his first and second ring at the door-bell remained unanswered, and still more annoyed was he when, at the third, a man who had not the least resemblance to Farley opened the door and asked him, in language more vigorous than polite, what he wanted.

"I—I have bought this house," Amund said, with an air of righteous indignation, "and I was told by Mr. Farley that you were to move out on the 1st of April."

The occupant of the house smiled an extremely unpleasant smile, and asked, coldly, "Whom did you buy it of?"

"Mr. Farley."

"That is a great pity, for he never owned it."

"But where is he? He promised me the keys last night."

"He has gone West."

"Gone West?" An icy terror clutched at the Norseman's heart, and he reeled backward as if he had been struck. "Good God!" he groaned, sinking down upon the topmost step. "Good God!"

The Little Chap, seeing his distress, wound his arms tightly about his neck and rubbed his cheek against his face. He sat thus for five or ten minutes, while the five blond bundled-up girls stood on the sidewalk staring at him with innocent stupidity. Then the man of the house reappeared, and ordered them in harsh language to move on. And when they only continued to stare in uncomprehending wonder, two policemen were sent for, and the whole family were huddled into a patrol wagon and driven to the nearest police station. There Amund, under the stress of answering the required questions, was aroused sufficiently from his dumb misery to send for a Norwegian lawyer, who presently made his appearance. He listened to the carpenter's story, and then shook his head mournfully.

"You have been swindled, my friend," he said. "You ought to have been more cautious."

"But—but, lawyer," the poor fellow went on, gazing into his face with an anguished expectancy, "he—he—sold me—the house—and here I've got the papers. It's all right, surely. Ain't it, lawyer?"

The lawyer looked at the paper which was handed him, and then dropped it contemptuously on the floor.

"A very clumsy forgery," he said.

"But—but—he couldn't surely sell me—what—what didn't belong to him, lawyer?"

"Yes, he could, if any one was fool enough to buy."

"But, lawyer—I say, lawyer—do you mean to say now, that—that I have worked and slaved nigh on to three years, and often starved and skimped myself for the Little Chap's sake—do you mean to say that—that man is to have it, and not my Little Chap?"

Beads of cold perspiration burst out upon his brow, and the pained wonder and stunned bewilderment in his face were pitiful to behold. His slow wits could not yet grasp the situation, and he was obviously hoping against hope that there was some terrible misunderstanding at the bottom of it all, and that sooner or later it would be cleared up.

The lawyer had in all his practice never encountered so heart-rending a case. He weighed his words well before he answered, "My dear friend, you have paid dearly for your first experience in the New World."

Amund, taking in slowly the bearings of this remark, stood staring before him with a vacant look of dawning terror; then tremblingly he raised his hands toward the ceiling, and cried, with a frightful energy, "But, God, what are you doing up there in heaven when such things can happen upon the earth?"

There was a hush as of death in the station-room. In the presence of so monstrous a wrong every one stood helpless, and a little awed. After the terrible explosion of despair Amund's head drooped upon his breast, his knees tottered, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

The Little Chap, who had stood with his hands in his pockets, a puzzled frown upon his face, during this strange scene, grew suddenly alarmed as his father fell. He strove bravely to disguise his distress, which he held to be unmanly, but his lips quivered, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Dad," he said, stooping over the prostrate form of his father with a touching air of loving protectorship—"Dad, I wouldn't take on so if I were you." He waited anxiously for a response, and when none came, he continued, in a soothingly comforting tone: "Dad, dear dad, don't you worry. I'll help you, dad."

The sweet old well-remembered phrase penetrated through the stricken man's numb lethargy of despair. He raised himself suddenly on his knees, stared with a wakening wonder at the child; then, closing him in his arms, he burst into tears.

"Yes, my Little Chap," he cried, "you *will* help me. And may God forgive me for despairing as long as I have you!"

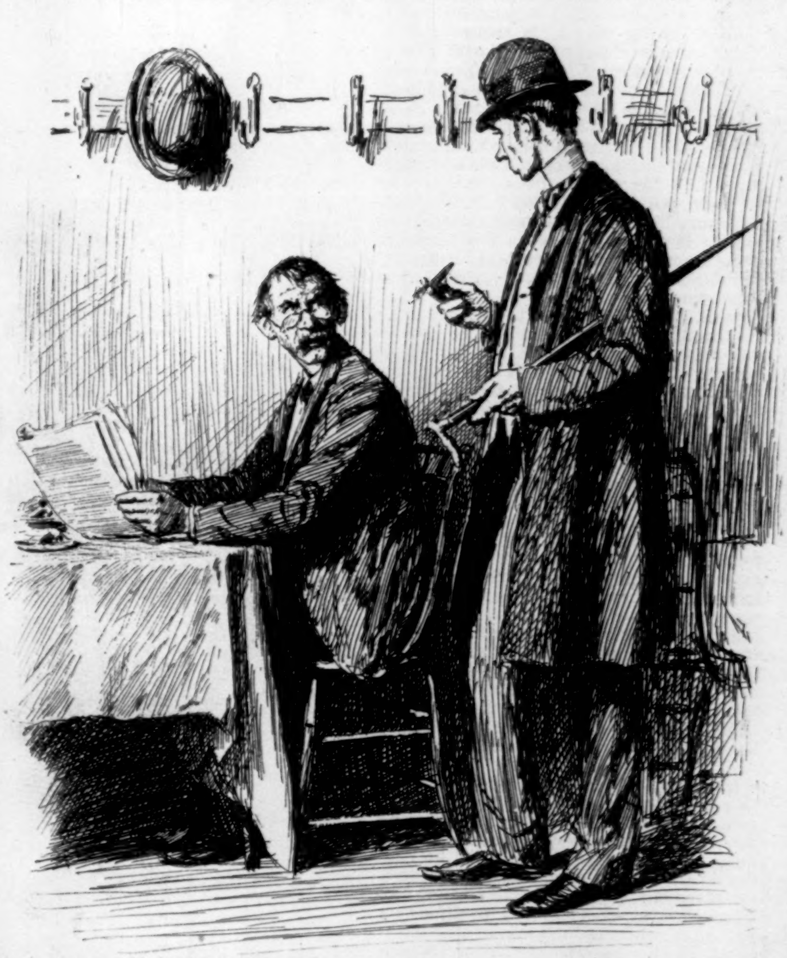
And he arose with the Little Chap in his arms, and the two began bravely the battle of life anew.

KING KALAKAUA OF HAWAII.

THE King of the Hawaiian Islands died in San Francisco during the afternoon of January 20th. He had come to California in search of health, but even that balmy climate was not sufficient to counteract the deadly disease from which he suffered. As the sovereign of a small kingdom almost in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and the chief of a very limited number of people, he has had paid to him during his reign of seventeen years much more attention from the world than is usually bestowed upon men who exert even a much more important influence upon affairs than he ever did. The position of the Hawaiian Islands—2100 miles from San Francisco, and the only stopping-place between America and China, Japan, and Australia in the north Pacific—gave his kingdom a geographical importance of much magnitude, as it was of advantage to the shipping interests of all countries having a large commerce in the western ocean that there should be a stable and a friendly government in Hawaii. This interest has been also kept alive by the fact that the King and his family have been pretty constantly *en évidence*, and they have taken more extensive journeys from home than ruling monarchs have been in the habit of doing.

The dead King was born in Honolulu fifty-four years ago, and there are stories about the contentions in his family at his birth which read more like a fairy tale than of actual happenings in the nineteenth century, even among a people to whom civilization was new and superstition not entirely a thing of the past. He was of royal descent, his father being the High Chief Kahanu Kapaakea, and his mother the High Chiefess Analea Keohokalole. It is related that, according to an ancient Hawaiian custom, the child was to have been adopted by a relative, the High Chiefess Liliha; but another chiefess decided to frustrate this intention, and adopt the child herself. When the birth of the child was expected, Haaheo Kaniu went to the house of the parents, and waiting the event, took the child away to her house, which, when Kalakaua became King, was one of the royal residences. Liliha, though greatly disappointed, still took an interest in the child, and being skilled in astrological arts, she drew his horoscope, and declared that, "From this child the bones of our forefathers will have life."

The Hawaiian language was not reduced to written characters until 1820, forty-two years after the islands had been discovered by Captain Cook, who named them the Sandwich Islands, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, then the first Lord of the Brit-



A REBUFF.

JAYSMITH. "Hello, Cumso! You wearing glasses! What's that for?"
CUMSO (*who dislikes to have his spectacles alluded to*). "Corns!"